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TRADITION OF CONQUEST.

His Grace of Marlborough, legends say,
Though battle-lightnings proved his worth,
Was scathed like others, in his day,
By fiercer fires at his own hearth.

The patient chief, thus sadly tried—
Madam the Duchess was so fair—
In Blenheim's honors felt less pride
Than in the lady's lovely hair.

Once (shorn, she had coiled it there to wound
Her lord when he should pass, 'tis said)
Shining across his path he found
The glory of the woman's head.

No sudden word, no sullen look,
In all his after days, confessed
He missed the charm whose absence took
A scar's pale shape within his breast.

I think she longed to have him blame,
And soothe him with imperious tears—
As if her beauty were the same,
He praised her through her courteous years.

But when the soldier's arm was dust,
Among the dead man's treasures, where
He laid it as from moth and rust,
They found his wayward wife's sweet hair.

—*The Galaxy.*

The Major's Decision.

"Well, as he has married to suit himself without my approval, he can no longer expect anything from me. Having made a bed to suit him, let him lie on it."

Major Martindale folded up a certain obnoxious letter, as he made this mental remark, and laying it in a little gilded letter-rack beside him, in company with a tailor's bill, a ticket to some forthcoming amateur concert, and a printed circular concerning "insurance policies," went deliberately on with his breakfast.

He was a handsome, elderly gentleman, slightly bald, with bright brown eyes, straight Roman features and one of those square, firmly-molded mouths which betoken a tendency to have one's way. And as he drank his coffee, and daintily manipulated his French rolls, broiled birds, and fresh strawberries, served in a garniture of their own leaves, he mused over the contents of this same letter.

"It's a great mistake to allow servants to bring in one's correspondence at meal-times," reflected Major Martindale. "It's almost sure to interfere with one's digestion. I'll never read another letter at breakfast time! What could possess my son to go and get married in this abrupt, nonsensical sort of way? says he 'feared it would be impossible to gain my consent.' Well, he had a good reason for his fears. He'll find it still more impossible, after marriage, than before. He knows my ideas and if he don't choose to conform to 'em it's his business not mine."

And so after finishing the strawberries, and daintily cleansing his filbert nailed fingers in a ruby colored finger bowl, Maj. Martindale wrote three words on a thick, grey sheet of note paper, enclosed it in an envelope, affixed a stamp, and gave it to the servant to post. And the three words were these:

"Consider yourself disinherited."

That was the way in which Maj. Martindale disposed of his only son.

Not that he did not love Harry—the bright frank boy, who was all that was left of his young wife, the one romantic dream and tender memory of his lifetime—but he liked his own way better. And it is surprising how obstinate a man can be, when he once turns his full attention to the business.

* * * * *

"Disinherited? Oh, Harry! And for me."

Mrs. Harry Martindale, a pretty blue-eyed woman, with light hair that showered itself around her face like sunshine, little dots of dimples in cheek and chin, and a round, fresh mouth, like a baby's looked piteously up into her husband's face as she spoke.

Harry Martindale shrugged his shoulders; the momentary cloud passed away from his face, as he answered, bravely:

"Never mind, Ariel. We can afford you and I, to be independent of a crusty old gentleman's money. I'll see about that clerkship in St. Louis.

"Half the world away from me Harry!"

"It won't be for long, pet. Cheer up! I'll send for you when I've got well established, and we'll have a little bird's nest of a home, without asking any favors of my father."

Ariel smiled through the dew drops that sparkled in her eyes. She was easily consoled. A girl's heart at eighteen is blessedly elastic.

Major Martindale elected to go to Atlantic City for the hot weeks that season. Why, he did not especially particularize to himself.—Saratoga was dull; at Newport one was half a mile away from the beach; Long Branch had palled upon his fastidious taste. So, to Atlantic City he went rather enjoying the very perceptible nets and snares spread for him by the various widows, old maids and gushing damsels who were there engaged in the great husband hunting campaign.

"I wonder if they think I am a fool," said the Major, as he strolled on the beach with a cigar in his mouth.

But one day the Major found himself forced to give up a pic-nic on account of a strange and unusual feeling of lassitude and languor, and the next he was in bed.

"This looks serious," said the Major to himself. I've heard of a low fever hanging about but I never thought of its attacking *me!*"

The doctor came, twirled his watch-chain, wrote a prodigious Latin prescription, and shook his head.

People made haste to vacate the rooms in the immediate vicinage of No. 99, and the Major began dimly to comprehend, through a mist, that it was likely to go pretty hard with him.

"I will stay and nurse him, doctor. I have had the fever, a year or two since, and do not fear it, and I am handy with such people."

But, my child you have no idea what you are undertaking!"

"Yes, I have, answered the soft, low tones; "and we must not let him die for want of proper care."

"Is your aunt willing?"

"Quite so."

"Then you may try; but take my word for it, you'll back down at the end of the first week."

Major Martindale heard these words spoken as it were out of the clouds, as he might have heard the thunder of the waves on the beach outside, or the ringing of the church bells, without at all connecting them with himself. Strange what a world dreams and shadows his soul and brain had entered into!

But one day he came back out of the darkness, and the immensity, and the restless whirling to and fro of the waves of life, weak and white, and helpless as a baby.

And there, sewing by the window, sat a soft-eyed young girl, all in white, with glimmering hair, long lashes, and delicately-rounded features.

"Pardon me," hoarsely uttered the Major, with a little of his old-fashioned courtesy and politeness; "but I don't know who you are."

"Hush!" said the young lady gently. —"You must not talk. I am here to nurse you."

And then he found himself taking a draught from her practiced fingers, and then drifting off asleep.

"I have been very ill, haven't I?" said he, when the doctor came at noon, as usual.

"You have been as close to the Valley of the Shadow more than once, as a man can be in his life," Doctor Delagood answered gravely.

The Major shuddered a little—heathenish old Sybarite as he was. The idea of death appalled him, and he scarcely cared to hear how near he had stood to the solution of the great problem.

"But you pulled me through," said he, with a long breath.

"Yes. I and your patient little nurse, who has just gone for half an hour's sleep."

"Who is she doctor?" asked the Major anxiously.

'She is the niece of one of the lady boarders. Martin, I think they call her. Her aunt went away as soon as the fever declared itself—in fact it riddled the hotel pretty nearly—but this girl would not allow any one to suffer for want of care and nursing so she courageously remained to take care of you."

"Why did she do that?" asked the Major, a little lump rising in his throat.

"Why did Florence Nightingale go out to the Crimea? Why are all women born heroines at heart?" retorted the doctor.

"God bless her?" muttered the Major.

And then he turned his head to one side, and a big drop or two splashed down on the pillow.

Day by day he lay there in slow convalescence, while the pretty young nurse ministered to him.

"My dear," said the Major, one day. "I think I am beginning to realize now what the blessings of a daughter would have been, had God given me one. I have grown very fond of you."

The soft blue eyes beamed smilingly down upon him as he spoke.

"And I of you," answered the girl, in low, tender accents.

"Are you much attached to your aunt?—Mrs. Fessenden, I believe her name is."

"Yes." said the girl, half doubtedly "I suppose so; I never saw her before she asked me to spend the season with her at Atlantic City last month."

"Is that all you have been with her?"

"That's all."

"Then," said the Major, "I shall ask her to let me adopt you. Will you be my daughter henceforth?"

She threw her arms around his neck, and sobbed upon his breast.

"Do you really love me? Do you really want me?" asked she.

"I am all alone my child," said the Major. "And you will be the sunshine of my house.

"But you have a son?"

"Yes," answered the Major, slightly frowning. "Poor Harry! But he has estranged himself from me."

"Forever!"

"Yes, forever!" (Sickness you see had taken none of the inherit obstinacy out of our old hero's character.)

"Papa!"—she knelt beside the satin-pillowed invalid chair, which had been wheeled out into the sunshine on the broad veranda—"I am to call you papa, am I not?"

"Of course you are, dearest?"

The Major's hand stroked down her bright hair with a tender touch as he spoke.

"Then, papa, tell me why you are estranged from him."

"He married in disregard to my wishes," the Major sternly answered.

"Is that such an unpardonable crime?"

"Unpardonable? See here, Mary, if he had not made such a fool, such an idiot of himself he might have been your husband. You might have been then my daughter in very truth! Stranger things have happened."

"But that couldn't be."

"Why not?" demanded the Major. "Because he is my husband already! —Oh, papa—dear father?—forgive me! I am not Mary Martin and yet I am! My real name is Mary Ariel Martindale; and Harry, away at St Louis, is my husband! I came only here to stay with my Aunt Fessenden until he could make the little home for us, which we had hoped and dreamed of. Will you forgive us both, papa, for my sake?

"I suppose I shall have to," said the Major in extreme bewilderment." Kiss me, dear! Upon the whole, Harry isn't quite such a fool as I believed him to be! And you knew who I was all the time!"

"Of course I did."

"And you kept dark? Sly little puss! Well Mary—I mean Ariel."

"Yes papa."

"We'll telegraph to Harry to come right back. There's only three of us. Let's try and be happy together."

So, through Ariel's blue eyes and heavenset face, Harry Martindale was disinherited, and through her he was again received into his own inheritance.

"Own up, sir, that I knew what I was about," said Harry, as he stood there Ariel leaning on his arm.

"You dog!" said the old gentleman facetiously poking him in the ribs, you have got the prettiest wife going."

Silk Laces.

Silk laces were first made about 1745. At first this new fabric was manufactured from silk of the natural color brought from Nanking, and it was hence called *blonde*. After a time, however, it was prepared from the purest and most brilliant white silk. "Not every woman can work at the white lace. Those who have what is locally termed the *haleine grasse* (greasy breath) are obliged to confine themselves to black." To preserve purity of color it is made in the open air in summer, and in winter in the lofts over cow-houses, as the warmth of the animals enables the workers to dispense with fire, which makes more or less smoke. The most beautiful blondes were once made at Caen, but competition with the machine-made blondes of Calais and Nottingham has caused the manufacture of white blonde to be abandoned at this place, and its lace-makers now confine themselves to making black lace.

The manufacture of black-silk lace was first established in the town of Chantilly, near Paris, and hence, wherever this article is now made, it is called "Chantilly lace." It is always made of a lustreless silk, called "grenadine," which is commonly mistaken for thread. As it was only consumed by the nobility, its unfortunate producers became the victims of the Revolution of 1793, and perished with their patrons on the scaffold. This put an end to the manufacture for many years; but in 1835 black lace again became fashionable, and Chantilly was once more prosperous. But the nearness of Chantilly to Paris has, of late, increased the price of labor so much that the lace-manufacturers have been driven away. The so-called Chantilly shawls are now made at Bayeux. The shawls, dresses, and scarfs, that are still made at Chantilly are mere objects of luxury.—*Popular Science Monthly for March.*

An Anecdote of the Late Dr. Howe.

The Boston correspondent of the Hartford *Courant* writes: "I last week heard an anecdote of the late Dr. S. G. Howe's church-going experience, which I think it is hardly improper to put in print. It may be relied upon as authentic. He was one of the earliest friends of Theodore Parker, and for a long time with his family attended his preaching. One day he announced to Mr. Parker his intentions to leave his meeting to attend service at the Rev. James Freeman Clarke's Chapel. 'Why is this?' said Mr. Parker. 'Well, the fact,' replied Dr. Howe, 'my dear friend I don't think I am good enough to go to your church. It may answer for saints, but it isn't enough for me. I can't stand it to go into a hall, and sit to hear laughing and chatting going on on one side of me, and men and women reading newspapers on another. I shall have to quit. And, to tell you the truth, Theodore, I don't think you are a very pious man yourself."

A Chinese Paper.

The Pekin *Gazette* has been established over one thousand years, and probably its present numbers are exact counterparts of the first it issued. It covers ten pages, 4x8 inches, and has a yellow cover, on which its name is printed. It is the only native paper in a kingdom of four hundred and fourteen million souls, among a people who have a literature which is vaster in its influence than that of any other nation. It is exclusively confined to official notes. The Chinese, slow, proud and conservative, have made no progress in a thousand years.

German Babies.

A German baby is a piteous object; it is pinioned and bound up like a mummy, in yards of bandages, which are unfolded once (at the outside twice) a day; it is never "bathed," but I suppose it is sometimes washed after some occult manner. Its head is never touched with soap and water until it is eight or ten months old, when the thick skull-cap of incrusted dirt that it has by that time obtained is removed by the application of various unguents. Many German ladies have assured me that the fine heads of hair one sees in Germany are entirely owing to this unsavory skull-cap. When, having some juvenile relatives staying with me, I insisted on their being "tubbed," all my female friends were shocked at my ignorance and wilfulness, and assured me that it was entirely owing to our barbaric bath system that the King of Hanover had lost his sight. "My friends, we are not all blind," I said; and then they were silenced, if not convinced. To this terrible system of bandaging and carrying the child in a peculiar fashion wrapped in a mantle, that is partly slung over the hips of the bearer, something after the fashion prevailing among Indian squaws, may be attributed in a great degree the number of curved spines, crooked shoulders, and abnormal development we meet with in Germany. Yet strange to say, "rickets," a disease only known to us among the poor, who cannot afford the time themselves, or pay others to nurse their children properly, goes by the name of the *Englische Krankheit*. The baby being born and swathed up, now gets a huge peasant girl *in loco parentis*. A mummy is not a thing to fondle, nor is a little stiff bundle of humanity (which you might stand up on end in the corner of the room without detriment to its sumptuary arrangements) an object on which to lavish caresses. Thus the young mother is scarcely a mother at all, the maternal functions being delegated to another. The baby does not lie on the floor or crawl to the hearth-rug, crowing and kicking and curling its pink toes, tramping with its chubby legs, and fighting with its mottled arms, "as one that beateth the air." It does not swarm up and about its mother's neck and bosom, finding its little life and tiny pleasures in her arms; it does not at length fall into a slumber of rosy repletion, and with its mouth open, snoosily satisfied, rejoice its mother's eyes for the beautiful little animal that it is. No it is out walking, tied to a feather bed, accompanied by a tall soldier, the father of its poor little foster brother or sister, which is to grow up as it can. It comes in presently and is taken to its mamma to kiss: but its real mother, the mother that fosters and feeds it, soon carries it away again, and resumes all the maternity for the rest of the day. The lady might as well be its aunt. "Only that, and nothing more."—*Fraser's Magazine.*

The Worst Kind of a Medium.

Edwin Wyndham Laury writes to Colonel H. S. Olcott as follows of what he saw some years ago in the Rhajate of Puttiala: On a certain the Baboo having called his friends together in durban or court, they came from all parts on elephants, camels, and horses to witness the show. The divan of the Baboo was in the center of a circle, while all the greater and lesser magnates sat around enjoying their hookahs, and elated with the nose of the tumtum wallahs and the excitement of the nautch dancers which were preliminary to the main object of the exhibition. Near the center of the circle a grave, zealously guarded, some five or six feet deep, had been prepared, and by it a coffin was placed. In due time the blowing of trumpets and the sounding of gongs announced the advent of Meechum Doss. He was dressed, as magicians usually are, in the East, very plainly, but very well; a middle-aged man in fine linen, who looked as if he fared sumptuously every day, though curried rice eaten with the fingers was doubtless his only food. He descended from the gayly-caparisoned elephant, on which he had traveled, and made many gracious salaams to the assembled crowd. Having invited a full inspection of himself, the coffin, and grave, he proceeded to perform various incantations by the aid of a fire which he kindled, and into which he threw what appeared to be aromatic spices. He then spread over himself a garment on which he pronounced magical words.

All this time a committee of which I was a member, appointed for the purpose by the Baboo, was watching his every move closely. At length, after various turns and twists of his body, which were sometimes very violent, he appeared to lapse into a rigid state, with his eyes and mouth closed, after which he fell back into the arms of an attendant Mephistopheles who accompanied him. He was now placed in the coffin, which was securely closed and sealed. Then commenced the process of lowering the casket some five feet, which was done in a manner that would have excited the envy of New York undertakers. The hole was filled up and well battered down, guards provided by Baboo Lall Chunder being placed over the grave.

After the interment notice was given that exhumation would take place four weeks thereafter, at which all were invited to be present. The tum-tum wallahs and nautch girls resumed their operations and noise, and the immense crowd dispersed in a very orderly manner on the camels, elephants, and horses.

At the time appointed I was again present, when the same initiatory ceremonies were enacted as at the burying, and everything was as before, except that the people looked solemn and talked in whispers, wondering among themselves whether necromancy could make the grave give back her dead.

The sentries who had kept guard and watch were paraded, and testified that they had done so faithfully for four weeks. The grave was then dug into until the coffin was reached.

Everything was found in order outside, and upon the coffin being raised the seals, which were of metal, were found untouched. The box was opened, and there reclined Meechum Doss, looking tranquil. He was taken out. His body and face presented the chilliness and rigidity of death, but there were no signs of decomposition, According to orders given by him to his family before burial, he was well shampooed from head to foot, and given some decoction to swallow upon returning animation, which occurred in a very short space of time. External heat appearing, the limbs became gradually relaxed, and the opening of the eyes, which had a sort of somnolent appearance.

Shortly after the elixir had been given him he stood up in his right mind and salaamed the committee and those around him. When asked how he felt, and where he had been to, he said that Bramah was good, and that he had enjoyed close fellowship with their Godships Bramah and Vishnu in the bosom of the sacred rivers and on the tops of the mountains.

This was highly satisfactory to the spectators, who began to congratulate themselves that no coroner's inquest was necessary, while others of a more devotional turn would no doubt have consented to be buried alive forthwith if they could but have been sure of enjoying the same distinguished privileges.

The crowd were now loud in their vociferations, some calling on Mohammed Allah, others on Bramah, Vishnu, and Calle, and all the calendar of Hindoo deities, which, by the way, is by no means so large as another calendar of canonized saints that we know of.

Meechum Doss was now escorted in triumph before the assembled crowd, and the noise on all hands was something terrific. The magician made many salaams and frequently embraced the attendant.

Baboo Lall Chunder then caused sweetmeats and pipes to be sent around, while the magician was seated upon a special divan prepared for him. His handsome buckshish or present was presented to him with much ceremony, after which a herald declared the games closed. The multitude which had been seated on the ground, tailor fashion, now rose as one man and salaamed to the wonderful necromancer, and then to their host, Baboo Lall Chunder, who took delight in providing entertainments of no ordinary character for the people. Thus ended a most astonishing exhibition. I believe that everything was conducted in a fair and square manner, but, of course, as I was not present the whole time of the entertainment, I cannot bear absolute testimony that Meechum Doss was not taken up during the time and resuscitated.

I give you the matter as I saw it occur, and it may, at all events, be pleasing to some to hear of the way in which the Easterns amuse their friends, and what the Magi, even in these latter days, can accomplish.

A Baby In a Bag.

That is a droll place for a baby to live —in a fur bag. Baby boys and girls wouldn't like it very well, but for baby kangaroos it's just the thing.

Most four-footed mothers, you know, make a snug nursery for the little ones; some of them under the ground, and other quiet places, but nature has provided Mamma Kangaroo with the snuggest place of all. It is a sort of bag on the under side of the body.

When the baby is born it is not so large as a mouse, and of course it can't do anything but drink milk and grow. So it stays in the bag till it is eight or nine months old, and begins to want to see the world. After that the little fellow puts his head out now and then, and sometimes takes a nibble at the grass while its mother is eating. At last it comes out and hops about a little; but for a long time, till it is able to take care of itself, it goes back into its cozy warm nursery very often. And if the mother suspects any danger, and she's very shy, I can tell you—she just takes the little one in the bag, and away they go.

You have probably seen a picture of a kangaroo, and you know what long hind-legs this careful mamma has, and what comical little fore-legs. That is because she is made for hopping. Such hops—or rather, leaps—you never saw; sometimes thirty feet at a jump. Between the immense hind-legs, she has a very large and strong tail, that is as good as another leg to help jump. She can get over the ground faster than a horse.

Her fore legs are not of much use to her when she is in a hurry; but she can walk if she likes, and a droll walk it is. She puts her fore-feet on the ground, and rests on them and the stiff tail, while she jerks forward her long hind-legs. So she gets on after a fashion.

This curious animal has four toes on her hind-feet, and on one of them she has a fearful nail, which she knows how to use when hunters' dogs come too near. She has also another weapon for these impertinent dogs, and that is her tail. This useful member not only serves as a fifth leg, but as a club. When dogs get near enough, she gives them dreadful blows with it.

The one I'm telling about is the Giant Kangaroo and is about four feet high when sitting up. There are about fifty species known, of all sizes down to one not so big as a rat. In the Malay islands the smaller kinds are often caught and tamed They are extremely graceful and pretty pets.

Kangaroos are sociable fellows; sometimes a hunter will come upon a dozen of them sitting up on their hind-legs, and apparently holding council together, probably discussing the weather and the state of the grass.

Unfortunately for their own comfort they are very good to eat, and their white teeth are in greot demand among the dark-skinned natives for beads; so they are frequently hunted, and have need to put the baby in the bag, and jump their best. Sometimes they are caught—in Australia—in nets. They are driven on to them and while entangled are killed with clubs.

They have another way of dealing with hunting-dogs besides striking with their tails. If there is water near they go in up to the shoulders, and then, woe to the dog that dares to go near! The kangaroo will seize him, and hold him under water till he drowns.

Kangaroos live in the woods, and one kind, the Tree Kangaroo, even live in trees, and eat leaves and fruit.

One little fellow belonging to the family, is called the Jerboa Kangaroo. He is about as large as a rabbit, and very pretty. He leaps over the ground like his bigger relations, and makes a funny house for himself. Hunting up a little hollow among the grass, he builds a roof of grass and leaves, which looks much like the grass around it. Most people would pass the little house twenty times a day and never see it.

When the cunning little fellow can't find grass near by that is long enough, he goes off till he finds some, and proceeds to cut down as much as he wants, then rolls his tail around it so as to make it into a bundle—or bale, perhaps I ought to say—and hops away to his nest with the load.

When the house is done and the babies in it, the mother is very careful to close the door, when she goes out, by drawing a wisp of grass before it. These little babies, you see, have no nice fur bag to ride in.—*Christian Union.*

Tragic Close of Woffington's Career.

It having come to the ears of Mrs. Woffington that Tate Wilkinson was in the habit of mimicking her, that lady took a great dislike to him. One night he was seated with his friend, Captain Forbes, in front of the theatre in the royal box. Now as Wilkinson was only a shabby, out-at-elbows hanger-on behind the scenes, his being in such a seat of honor was regarded by the company as an impertinent presumption, and during the performance Woffington cast many disdainful glances upon him. Monday, May 17, 1757, "As you like it," was acted at Drury Lane Garden. I was standing near the wing as Mrs. Woffington, in *Rosalind* and Mrs. Vincent in Celia, were going on the stage in the first act. Mrs. Woffington said, ironically, she was glad of having that opportunity of congratulating me upon my stage success; and did not doubt such merit would insure me an engagement the following winter? I bowed, but made her no answer. She went through *Rosalind* for four acts without my perceiving she was in the least disordered, but in the fifth she complained of great indisposition. I offered her my arm, which she graciously accepted; I thought she looked softened in her behavior, and had less of the hauteur. When she came off at the quick change of dress she again complained of being ill; but got accoutred and returned to finish the part. When in the epilogue she arrived at—"If I were among you I would kiss as many as had beards that pleased me"—her voice broke, she faltered, and endeavored to groan, but could not, then in a voice of tremor screamed, "O God, O God!" tottered to the stage door speechless, where she was caught. The audience of course applauded till she was out of sight, and then sank into awful looks of astonishment, both young and old, before and behind the curtain, to see one of the most handsome women of the age, a favorite principal actress, and who had for several season given high entertainment, struck so suddenly by the hand of death in such a situation of time and place, and in the prime of life, being then about forty-four. She was given over that night, and for several days: but so far recovered as to linger near the year 1760, but existed as a mere skeleton sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything. Spite of all her foibles, Woffington had many admirable qualities beyond her talents as an actress Although, says one author, while in the zenith of her glory, courted and caressed by all ranks and degrees, she made no alteration in her behavior; she remained the gay, goodnatured, affable, obliging Woffington to every one around as ever. Her company was sought after by men of the first rank and distinction; persons of the gravest character and most eminent for learning were proud of her acquaintance, and charmed with her conversation. Her charities were very large, among other instances she built and endowed a number of alms house at Teddington.—*Temple Bar.*

Chronometry of Mind.

Sir Henry Holland, in his recently published "Fragmentary Papers," touches upon some minor but very interesting questions of psychology. In one of these disquisitions he treats of mental operations in relation to time. He says: Within a minute I have been able to coerce the mind, so to speak, into more than a dozen acts or states of thought so incongruous that no natural association could possibly bring them into succession. In illustration I note here certain objects which, with a watch before me, I have just succeeded in compressing, distinctly and successively, within 30 seconds of time—the pyramids of Ghizeh, the Ornithorhynchus, Julius Cæsar, the Ottawa Falls, the rings of Saturn, the Apollo Belvedere. This is an experiment I have often made on myself, and with the same general result. It would be hard to name or describe the operation of mind by which these successive objects have been thus suddenly evoked and dismissed. There is the volition to change; but how must we define that effort by which the mind, without any principle of selection or association, can grasp so rapidly a succession of images thus incongruous, drawn seemingly at random from past thoughts and memories? I call it an effort because it is felt as such, and cannot be long continued without fatigue.

In commenting upon this the writer in *Nature* says: "This is a curious subject which easily admits of experiment, but it will be found that the velocity with which thoughts can be made to succeed each other depends entirely upon the degree of similarity or connection between them. Judging from my own experience and that of three students, well qualified to test the matter, I find that where the objects thought of are as incongruous as possible, the number which the mind can suggest to itself in a minute varies from 12, the result of Sir Henry Holland, up to about 20. Any one who tries the experiment, however, will find that there is an almost insuperable temptation to go off on lines of association. To avoid these, and yet to think rapidly, requires a very disagreeable effort, becoming more and more painful by repetition. When the thoughts are restricted within certain grooves, as it were, the result is more rapid succession. Thus one student was able to think in a minute of 30 different kinds of actions, 46 animals, 50 places, or 50 persons. I can myself think without much effort of 32 animals or 40 persons or places in a minute. Even in these, however, it will be found that the rapidity greatly depends upon the degree in which the objects have been associated. When thoughts have been very closely and frequently linked together, the number which may be compressed within a minute is much greater. I find that I can count about 96 in half a minute, which, without allowing for the two places of figures, gives 192 thoughts per minute. I can think of every letter in the alphabet in five seconds at most, which is at the rate of more than 300 per minute. Finally, by counting the first 10 numbers and over again, I have compressed nearly 400 changes of idea within the minute.

A Spider's Bridge.

A writer in *Hearth and Home* says: "One chilly day I was left at home alone, and after I was tired of reading Robinson Crusoe, I caught a spider and brought him into the house to play with. Funny kind of playmate, wasn't it? Well, I took a wash-basin and fastened up a stick in it like a liberty pole or a vessel's mast, and then poured water enough to turn the mast into an island for my spider, whom I named Crusoe and put on the mast. As soon as he was fairly cast away he anxiously commenced running round to find the road to the mainland. He'd scamper down the mast to the water, stick out a foot, get it wet, shake it, run round the stick, and try the other side, and then run back up to the top again. Pretty soon it became a serious matter with Mr. Robinson, and he sat down to think it over. As in a moment he acted as if he wanted to shout for a boat, and was afraid he was going to be hungry. I put a little molasses on a stick. A fly came, but Crusoe wasn't hungry for flies just then. He was homesick for his web in the corner of the wood-shed. He went slowly down the pole to the water and touched it all round, shaking his feet like pussy when she wets her stockings in the grass, and suddenly a thought appeared to strike him. Up he went like a rocket to the top and commenced playing circus. He held one foot in the air, then another, and turned round two or three times. He got excited and nearly stood on his head before I found out what he knew, and that was this, that the draft air made by the fire would carry a line ashore on which he could escape from his desert island. He pushed out a web that went floating in the air until it caught on the table. Then he hauled on the rope until it was tight, struck it several times to see if it was strong enough to hold him, and walked ashore. I thought he had earned his liberty, so I put him back in his wood-shed again.

The Happiest Period.

It is not necessary to plunge into metaphysics to ascertain why different opinions have been expressed on the above subject, for the logic of the diversity of opinions must be obvious to an ordinary mind. The happiest period of man's life depends upon how he lives. Different men live differently, hence the diversity of opinions. A great many men point to their childhood's days as the happiest time of their lives. But this is an acknowledgement that they are not living as they should, and a confession of their stupidity as to the true way God designed that man should live.

The beauty, as revealed to us in the innocence of childhood, subsists more in the fact that the child is untainted by not having come in contact with the wicked people of the world, than by any actual inherent beauty in itself. To know the child, you must wait until he develops into a man. The innocence of a child is not based upon any fixed principle in the child, but is in essence a state of mere undevelopment, or ignorance.

A child two or three years of age, for instance, that is old enough to run about and pick up everything it can find, may, sometime, in the absence of its mother, get hold of a pair of scissors, and with them put out the eyes of a still younger babe in a cradle. This would be an act of innocence in which it would be difficult to find any beauty. No, don't point back to your childhood days, when your mother carried you in her arms, and waited on your life; but rather let your lives be so lived that you will be constrained to say, "Truly there is but one time in man's life that is the happiest; that is the autumn of life, when the sun of this life is sinking low beneath the western horizon."

If you would know, and not be known, live in a city.

Facts not Generally Known.

Melons were found originally in Asia.

The cantaloupe is a native of America, and so called from the name of a place near Rome, where it was first cultivated in Europe.

Nectarine is said to have received its name from nectar, the principal drink of the gods.

Pears were originally brought from the east by the Romans.

Greengage is called after the Gage family, who first took it into England from a monastery in Paris.

Filberts originally came from Greece.

The walnut is a native of Persia, the Caucasus and China

The Greeks called butter bouturos—"cow cheese."

Before the middle of the seventeenth century tea was not used in England, and was entirely unknown to the Greeks and Romans.

The bean is said to be a native of Egypt.

The cucumber was originally a tropical vegetable.

The pea is a native of the south of Europe.

Spinach is a Persian plant.

The tomato is a native of South America, and it takes its name from a Portuguese word.

The turnip came originally from Rome.

Sweet marjoram is a native of Portugal.

Coriander seed came originally from the east.

The clove is a native of the Malacca Island, as also is the nutmeg.

Capers originally grew wild in Greece and Northern Africa.

Garlic came to us first from Sicily and the shores of the Mediterranean.

Ginger is a native of the East and West Indies.

Sage is a native of the south of Europe.

The gooseberry is indigenous to Great Britain.

Cloves come to us from the Indies, and take their name from the Latin clavus or French ekim, both meaning a nail to which they have a resemblance.

Horseradish is a native of England.

Vinegar is derived from two French words vin aigre, "sour wine."

The nasturtium came originally from Peru.

Parsley is said to have come from Egypt, and mythology tells us it was used to adorn the head of Hercules.

It is a curious fact that while the names of all our animals are of Saxon origin, Norman names are given to the flesh they yield.

When James Buchanan was minister to England, he had ears of corn, hermetically sealed, sent to him from this country.

The word biscuit is French for "twice baked," because, originally, that was the mode of entirely depriving it of moisture to insure its keeping.

Apples were originally brought from the east by the Romans. The crab apple is indigenous to Great Britain.

The onion was almost an object of worship with Eyptians two thousand years before the Christian era. It first came from India.

Quinces originally came from Corinth.

Apricots are indigenous to the plains of Armenia.

Cherries were known in Asia as far back as the seventeenth century.

Damsons originally came from Damascus.

Lemons were used by the Romans to keep moths from their garments, and in the time of Pliny they were considered an excellent poison. They are natives of Asia.

The peach originally came from Persia.

Arthur's First Buffalo.

Next to "wild" Indians, the boys longed for a sight of the buffalo on his native plain. This came in due time. They had passed up the the long tongue of land which lies between Loup Fork and the Platte, and had reached a stream making in from the north and known as Wood River. Crossing this, they bore off to the north-west, with the little river on their right.

One hot afternoon, while the party were wearily dragging themselves along, Barnard went ahead with the horse to spy out a good camping-place.

Arthur walked on in advance of the team in the dusty road, half asleep, and feeling as if he would be happy if he could fall down in the dust and take a long nap. It was very tiresome, this continual tramp, tramp, tramp, with each day's journey making almost no difference in their advance. Arthur grumbled to himself, and scarcely heard the boyish talk of Johnny, who trudged along with him. Once in a while he felt himself dropping to sleep as he walked. His heavy eyes closed; he lost sight of the yellow wagon-track, the dusty grass, and the earth which seemed to reel; the blinding glare of the sun was gone for an instant, and he stumbled on as in a dream. Then he nearly fell over forward, and he knew that he had slept by the painful start of waking. He looked around at the rough soil by the side of the trail, dimly longing to lie down and sleep, sleep, sleep. Johnny said: "Oh my! Arty! what black cattle!"

Arty looked languidly across the river, which was now only a narrow, woody creek. In an instant his sleepiness was gone.

"Buffalo! buffaloes!" he shouted and, very wide wake indeed, ran back to the wagon. He was in a fever of excitement, and the news he brought set his comrades into commotion. Everybody rushed for his favorite firearm, Tom extracting his long-unused revolver from the wagon, where it lay unloaded.

Mont thought it unsafe to go to the upper part of the meadow, because the wind came from that direction. "And they are very sensitive to any unusual odor in the air," added Arthur. "They can smell a man two miles off, when they are to the leeward." The boy was trembling with excitement at the sight of this large game, but he remembered his natural history for all that. Even as he spoke one of the feeding buffaloes lifted his large shaggy head and sniffed suspiciously to the windward.

The three young fellows separated, Arthur going down the creek, Hi up toward the open, and Mont crossing in the middle of the V, directly opposite where the animals were feeding. They were huge fellows, ponderously moving about and nibbling the short, tender grass. Their humped shoulders were covered with dark, shaggy hair, and their long, beard-like chaps nearly swept the ground as they bent their heads to graze. They were not in very good condition, apparently, and the hide of one of them was clouded with a dingy, yellowish tinge. "Just like our old sleigh-robe," secretly commented Arthur to himself, as he lay, breathless, on the further side of the creek, waiting for a signal from Hi.

Suddenly, to his amazement, a shot burst out from the brush on the farther side of the meadow, and, as the alarmed animals dashed away like cats, another report banged out from the same spot. The buffaloes, scattering in different directions, were almost immediately out of reach. Two pitched down into the creek near where they were feeding, but on the other side, and so disappeared in the woods beyond. One broke through the timber just below where Arthur was posted, scrambled across the gully, and, with incredible agility, crashed through into the road near the wagon, where Tom gallantly, but ineffectually, assaulted him with his "pepper-box" revolver as he galloped away. The fourth raced up the V-shaped meadow, receiving a shot from Mont's musket and from Hi's rifle in his rapid flight. The fifth made as if he would plunge down into the creek at the foot of the meadow, but, baulked by something, turned and raced up the side of the triangle next the road, heading directly for Arthur, who was concealed behind a bush. "Now or never," said the boy, with his heart standing still and his eye glancing along the sights of his rifle.

The buffalo was coming directly toward him, his head down and his enormous feet pounding the earth. Arthur fired, and the buffalo swerved sharply to the right; at the same instant another shot came from the opposite side of the meadow. The buffalo ambled on for a few paces, fell on his knees, dug his horns madly into the ground, rolled over on his side and was still.

As Arthur, scarcely believing his eyes, ran out into the open, a tall young fellow, carrying a double-barreled shotgun, rushed up from the other side, and, drawing his hunting-knife, cut the animal's throat. There was no need. The great creature was dead.

"My fust buffalo," said the stranger, drawing himself up proudly.

Arthur looked on with heart beating and said: "I fired at him, too."

All this took in a very few minutes. The firing in all directions was almost simultaneous. Mont and Hi came running up, chagrined at their ill luck, but excited by the sight of this first buffalo.

"Who shot him?" eagerly cried Hi, who had not seen what happened below him.

"Well, I allow that I'm the fortuit individooal," said the stranger. "Leastways, thar's my mark," and he put his finger into a smooth round hole in the center of the animal's forehead, directly between and a little above the eyes.

"That's just where I aimed," said Arthur, with some excitement.

"No, little chap," said the stranger, supercilliously. "I seen you shoot, and your ball must 'a gone clean over him. Mine's a slug. No ornery rifle ball's goin' to kill a critter like this," and he gave the dead monster a touch with his boot.

"Let's look at that ball," said Mont, curiously, as the emigrant handled one of the clumsy slugs which had been fitted for the big bore of his gun. Taking it in his hand and glancing at the wound in the head of the buffalo, he stopped to put it into the wound. The skull was pierced with a sharply defined hole. The stranger's slug rested in the edge of it like a ball in a cup.

"That ball don't go into that hole, stranger," said Mont. "The mate of it never went in there. Give me a ball, Arty." And Mont, taking one of Arty's rifle-balls, slipped in at the wound; it dropped inside with difficulty and was gone.

"It's a clear case, Cap," said Hi. "You must 'a well give it up. That buffalo belongs to our camp, and Arty's the boy that fetched him—you bet ye."

"Well," said the other, discontentedly, "thar's no need o' jawin' about it. I allow thar's meat enough for all hands. I'll pitch in and help dress the critter, anyhow," and he stripped for work.

There was certainly no need of disputing over the dead buffalo. It was Arthur's game, however, clearly enough. He received the congratulations of his friends with natural elation, but with due modesty.—*St. Nicholas.*

Let us Help One Another.

This little sentence should be written on every heart and stamped on every memory. It should be the golden rule practiced not only in every household, but throughout the world. By helping one another we not only remove thorns from the pathway and anxiety from the mind, but we feel a sense of pleasure in our own hearts, knowing we are doing a duty to a fellow creature. A helping hand, or an encouraging word is no loss to us, yet it is a benefit to others. Who has not felt the power of this little sentence? Who has not needed the encouragement and aid of a kind friend? How soothing, when perplexed with some task that is mysterious and burthensome, to feel a gentle hand on the shoulder, and hear a kind voice whispering, "Do not feel discouraged. I see your trouble—let me help you." What strength is inspired, what hope created, what sweet gratitude is felt, and the great difficulty is dissolved as dew beneath the sunshine. Yes, let us help one another by endeavoring to strengthen and encourage the weak and lifting the burden off from the weary and oppressed, that life may glide smo

THE CENTRE REPORTER,

P. D. KURTZ ..... Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., 23, Mar. 1876.

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Wm. A. Wallace was elected senatorial delegate to the democratic state convention, from this senatorial district.

The New Hampshire election, last week, went radical by 3,200 majority. They evidently are not yet quite disgusted with Grant, Babcock, Belknap & Co., up there.

It is rumored at Washington that Marsh will be back soon from Canada, and testify on promise that he will not be prosecuted.

The Senate passed the bill reducing the president's salary to $25,000. Yeas 26, Nays 20.

The Commissioners of Bucks county are in trouble, the grand jury having disapproved of their financial statements and it is proposed to prosecute them at the next term of court.

If an investigating committee once takes Grant in hand for present-taking, it will be sure to find him guilty on anything from a corner lot up to a box of cigars or chaw of tobacco.

Somewhere out west they boast of a rain of flesh. In Washington they have a great reign of corruption.

The democratic state convention met at Lancaster, on Wednesday, of this week. In our next issue we will give its doings. We trust wise counsels may prevail, and that the good of the state and party may be the sole aim of the representatives of the democracy.

Joseph Jenkins Roberts, ex-president of the Liberian republic, died at Monrovia on the 24 of February.

M'Clure's Philadelphia Times has now entered its second year. New daily papers seldom pay during the first three or four years of their existence, but the Times became a success—an established institution—before it was one year old. This is almost unparalleled in the history of daily journalism. The Times has been conducted in a manner to merit its success.

Still closer. A gentleman has informed Mr. Clymer's committee that he is willing to testify that a certain individual made personal application to the president for a post-tradership. The president gave him very little attention, whereupon the applicant told him that he owned two of the finest Indian ponies that he ever saw and his intention was to present them to Mr. Grant's boys, that the ponies were out at the trading post, and were subject to the president's orders. The man got the post-tradership and the same day the president sent a despatch to the trading-post to have the ponies sent in forthwith. If there is protection given to witnesses, and the administration does not shut their mouths by threats of prosecution, the day of nasty revelations will only have commenced.

Sooy the defaulting state treasurer of New Jersey was sentenced to confinement in the State Prison for three years and until the costs of prosecution are paid. He wept bitterly on hearing the sentence.

Now pass up the next rascal and give him his dues, and so on until every scamp in the land gets his due.

A Lancaster radical has come to grief. District Attorney John W. Johnson was arrested in Lancaster on the 13, and held for a hearing on a charge of issuing forged and fraudulent naturalization papers prior to the Gubernatorial election in 1872. Johnson was a member of the Republican State central committee at that time.

MORE INFAMY.

Among all the scandals that are now being unearthed, and which will make Grant's administration a reproach for all time, the most detestable is that of speculating upon the bodies of dead Union soldiers. In last week's Reporter we furnished our readers an account of the swindling in tombstones, we now have a companion piece to it of a horrible revelation relative to the swindle in the bodies of dead soldiers. The N. Y. Times is a republican paper, read what its Washington correspondent says:

"The National Cemetery Ring is the vilest of the whole. It is the strongest that has located about the national capital—though Heaven knows the other are strong enough. It had its origin just after the close of the war, when they got contracts to remove bodies from the battle fields in the various Southern States to the several national cemeteries. Of all the frauds in the world, this shocking scheme is one of the most wicked. The contractors received a certain sum for removing each body; and to make the job profitable, they actually cut the body into pieces, and made several of it, thus increasing their pay. Often, where a great number were found, buried in one ditch, they would take out a half dozen bones and nail them up in a box, and get paid for it as one body.

"I do not telegraph this on hearsay evidence. I have positive knowledge that these things were done—were of daily occurrence. A rule was afterward made that nothing less than nineteen separate bones would be paid for as a body, but this did not break up the fraud carried on at the graves of our hero dead. The work of burying these bones was another job, by which many thousands of dollars were robbed from the Government. This finished, then the furnishing of headstones came, and it is estimated that the money out of which the Government was swindled in these transactions counts up in the millions? And yet these chiefs of the Cemetery Ring are allowed to retain their illgotten gains; and if one word is said against them, the old cry of disloyalty is raised.

"Rufus Ingalls, the present illegal Quarter-master-General, who made the present to Mrs. Grant, has a fund of knowledge on these frauds, and it is to be hoped the Committee on the Expenditures of the War Department will make him divulge, or force him to resign from the position he now holds. He will, it is said, be relieved by Gen. Meigs within two weeks, Gen. Meigs having been ordered home from Europe."

We may soon look for cheaper sewing machines, the patent upon which the large manufacturers have held a monopoly will soon run out and congress has refused to extend it, leaving room for competition. The first cost of a sewing machine is from $10 to $12 and they have been sold from $60 to $75. With the expiration of the patent these machines can be sold for $25 to $30 and yet be profitable to the manufacturer.

The democratic financial caucus, was in session on Tuesday night, 14, at Washington and finally agreed upon the Payne bill by a vote of 69 to 46. This bill provides for the gradual resumption of specie payments by making it the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury annually to retain in coin an amount equal to three percentum of legal-tender notes outstanding, to constitute a resumption fund, and also, requiring the national banks to set aside an amount of coin equal to three per cent. of their circulating notes. The bill, in addition, provides for the repeal of so much of the specie resumption act of January 14, 1875, as designates the 1st of January, 1879, as the date of resumption. Many amendments were voted down including that of the minority of the caucus committee for a simple repeal of so much of the act of 1875 as fixes the 1st, of January, 1879, as the time for resumption. This received only 42 votes.

Washington, March 16.—The republican senators held a caucus this forenoon for the purpose of determining what should be their general policy in regard to the sweeping reductions already made or contemplated by the house of representatives in the annual appropriation bills. No conclusion was reached, and the subject will be further discussed at an adjourned meeting of the caucus tomorrow.

The republicans are very sore over the cutting down of expenditures by the democrats of the house. As they hold all the offices, they do not relish this cutting off of their fodder.

At the adjourned republican senate caucus held next day it was resolved to oppose the policy of the house to cut down salaries 10 per cent. A movement to increase salaries would undoubtedly meet with favor among the republicans. Let the democrats of the house do their duty and let the responsibility of a defeat of retrenchment measures rest with the radicals.

As to how the men appointed to post-traderships could afford to pay such a big bonus to Belknap and wife, and still make money for themselves, is shown by the following prices charged the poor Indian and our own soldiers, at Fort Sill:

Two bushels of potatoes, $10.
Five gallons of coal oil, $10.
Two pounds of cheese, 50 cents.
Six boxes of matches, 75 cents.
A bottle of soothing syrup, $1,50.
A broom, $1.
Flat irons, 35 cents per pound.
A tin pan, $1,50.
A half bushel of potatoes, $3,25.
A paper of needles, 25 cents.
Two pounds of crackers, $1,20.

And from this kind of bleeding and extortion the wives of cabinet officers at Washington are enabled to wear costly diamonds, dresses, and give brilliant entertainments, and the fellows who received invitations to these parties and showed off at them are now heaping all manner of abuse upon Hiester Clymer because he did not white-wash the thieves and cover up the rascalities of the shoddy tribe which now flourishes at the national capital.

A WITNESS, WHO WILL NOT TELL.

One of the committees investigating the Washington rings, has a witness who will not tell what he knows. The matter on 14, was brought before the house.

Mr. Glover, chairman of the Select Committee on the Real Estate Pool and the Jay Cooke indebtedness made a report on the contumaciousness of a witness named Hallett Kilbourne, who refused to produce the books of his firm or to answer certain questions as to who composed the real estate pool. The proceedings of the Committee were read from which it appeared that the real estate pool consisted, first, of five persons who had contributed $5,000 each and who were subsequently assessed $2,000 each and of Jay Cooke & Co., who had contributed $25,000 but did not pay any assessment. His firm was the agency through which the operation was to be conducted, and had subsequently purchased one of the original five thousand dollar shares, paying for it the exact amount, with interest, which it had cost the owner. He declined to give the name of the person whose interest had been thus purchased. He also declined giving any testimony relating to individuals composing the pool. He said that if it could be shown in any way that the government was interested in it or that his testimony would promote the interest of the government in any way he would tell everything about it. In reply to this, the Chairman informed him that the committee did not propose to look into his private affairs but only into those that affected public interest. In further response to his counsel, (Mr. Black) the witness stated that the matter had no relation whatever to any public affair; that it was purely a private transaction and that there was no officer of the government of the United States or of the government of the District of Columbia directly or indirectly connected with it. The conclusion of the committee is that it is necessary, for the efficient prosecution of the inquiry, that Hallett Kilbourne shall be required to respond a subpœna duces tecum and to answer questions which he had refused to answer.

The Sergeant-at-Arms appeared at the bar with Hallett Kilbourne, the recusant witness in custody. On being asked whether he was prepared to answer the questions put to him, he asked leave to be heard orally by his counsel (Mr. Black and Mr. Dudley Field). During the consideration of the question Mr. Glover intimated that he understood from the witness that he would be satisfied by having read a written argument prepared by his counsel.

Mr. Page insisted upon the witness' right to be heard orally by counsel and that view was advocated by Messrs. Hoar and Conger and was opposed by Messrs Holman and Jenks.

Finally the proposition to be heard orally by counsel was laid on the table and a written argument was read from the Clerk's desk. At the conclusion of the reading, the Speaker called upon the witness to rise, and addressing him he asked whether he was now prepared to answer the questions put to him by the committee, (Reading them to him in detail). Mr. Kilbourne responded that he respectfully declined for reasons heretofore given.

The Speaker then asked him whether he was prepared to produce his books and papers in obedience to a subpœna duces tecum. Mr. Kilbourne replied that he was not.

Mr. Glover then offered a resolution committing the witness to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms and requiring that official to keep the witness in custody in the common jail of the District of Columbia until he should purge himself of his contempt.

The resolutions were agreed to and the witness was removed by the Sergeant-at-Arms.

OUR RAILROAD.

Beaver dam tunnel is through, and Paddy mountain tunnel, the great bugbear, we are reliably informed, can be finished in three or four months at the rate at which the work is now progressing. Then what is there to hinder the cars from running into the valley by next fall? The road-bed up to Lemont is graded and ready for ties and rails. The Pennsylvania railroad company, according to its recent report, is in a flourishing condition and abundantly able to go right ahead with our road. Now what is to hinder the work from being completed up to this point by next November? We see nothing. The road-bed will be ready for the rails, and the Penn'a R. R. has the means, and if it has the will, the cars can be seen in our valley early next fall. There should be no more delay. Our people have given their money several years ago, and our farms have been cut up, and as yet there has been no benefit for it all to our people. To delay the road longer would be an outrage and a wrong. We trust that the President, Mr. Miller, and the directors, will not cease to urge the Penn'a RR. officials on in this matter, and leave them no peace until they come up to their duty, and finish the road right ahead. They should commence now at Lauretton and put down the rails westward. If Mr. Miller can do any thing to put the work under speedy headway, let him do so now. He has been drawing a good salary for very little service thus far. If he can not do any thing, then let us have some one who can—and if the president amounts to a mere figure head, then there should be no pay for him and that money might be applied to pushing on the work. We know that the whole matter rests with the Penn'a railroad company and that upon them rests the real responsibility, but let the president, the directors and the stock-holders not cease in goading that huge corporation on to its work, and a fulfilment of its promises to our people.

THE PARDONED COMMISSIONERS.

Pottsville, Pa., March 17.—Governor Hartranft having pardoned Messrs. Benner, Conroy and Stine, the convicted Schuylkill county commissioners, they were this morning released from jail, having been imprisoned six months.

The crime these commissioners committed was letting the contract for building a barn to a party that were not the lowest bidders, thus paying out more of the public funds than others had bid to do the same work for.

FRAUDS IN POSTAL AFFAIRS.

The postal affairs are conducted with about the same nastiness as are found in the war and revenue departments of the general government. On 17 inst, the house Committee on Postoffices and Post Roads examined Wm. A. Danforth, of Chicago. He testified that Sanders, of the firm of Barlow Sanders & Co., had informed him they paid large sums of money to officers in the Postoffice Department under Postmaster General Cresswell's administration to secure valuable western mail contracts by means of straw-bidding devices. Sanders lived with the witness in Kansas City and they were intimate friends. Sanders told him the firm were bled heavily by postoffice officials and that they paid to one of them not less than five thousand dollars per quarter. To another they had given a carriage and a pair of horses, and to another a diamond pin worth a thousand dollars. No names were given by Sanders in making these assertions. The witness said he had seen one of the books of the firm which showed they set aside a considerable proportion of their receipts from mail contracts to be devoted to such payments. Barlow lived east and attended to paying out the money. Witness said that subsequently Sanders informed him they had burned their books, and suggested he had better not remember what had been told him on this subject. The Committee will next examine the bookkeeper of Barlow, Sanders & Co.

SCHENCK'S RESIGNATION.

HOW THE PRESIDENT AIDED THE GUILTY MINISTER TO ESCAPE FROM ENGLAND.

Washington, March 14.—Secretary Fish communicated to the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House to-day so much of the correspondence relating to the resignation of Minister Schenck and all other correspondence which has passed by telegraph and letter between the State Department and our ex-Minister to England not heretofore received, the time the first batch of official correspondence in relation thereto was forwarded to the committee in February. This correspondence will be submitted to the committee at their meeting tomorrow. The main point which members of the committee say it establishes is that the President either intentionally or innocently aided Schenck to escape from Great Britain while officers there were only waiting for him to drop the cloak of official immunity before arresting him for his conduct in the Emma Mine swindle. The dates of the cable despatches show that between the time of the acceptance of Schenck's resignation and the time it was made public several dyas elapsed, while Schenck was in England, to all appearances, our representative, when really he was simply an ordinary citizen of the United States, liable to arrest and punishment. Members of the committee say he left England under false pretenses, seeming to be and recognized as the American Minister while he was not. The committee feel that they are humiliated by the action of the President in accepting Schenck's resignation. If the committee as seems very probable from the present proofs in their possession, find the ex-Minister guilty of gross misconduct in office, the President has no longer the power, if he chose so to do to inflict censure upon Schenck and remove him from office when the notice of his Minister's wrong-doings is brought to his attention by the committee of the House who are investigating the same. The President's policy of "Let no guilty man escape" seems to be interpreted by him by the proviso, "If he doesn't tender his resignation." And the manner of getting Schenck out of office was singular. Before the Belknap disclosure he cabled a dispatch in substance as follows, and very nearly in these words: "I again tender my resignation if my remaining here is to embarrass administration." To this Mr. Fish replied: "Your despatch requires no answer." Schenck then asked: "May I print my despatch and your reply in the London daily papers?" Before this came the Belknap matter came out and Schenck was thunderstruck at receiving something like the following: "It has been decided to accept your resignation." In reply he expressed his surprise at the sudden change and asked, "May I be granted leave of absence to appear before the committee, my resignation being held in abeyance?" To this Fish sent as the last, "Steps have already been taken looking to appointment of your successor."—*World.*

The Schuylkill County Commissioners, says the Times, who with one exception are the only persons convicted of malfeasance in office in Pennsylvania in recent years, have been pardoned by Governor Hartranft on the recommendation of the Board. The case against the Commissioners was very clear, and their punishment by judge Pershing, who presided at their trial with great impartiality, comparatively light. The crimes of the Commisstoners are common in nearly every county of the State, and their conviction doubtless had a very wholesome effect. Whether this has been destroyed by the action of the Board of Pardons and the Governor, probably court proceedings in the future will show.

THE LAST SPLENDORS OF MRS. SECRETARY BELKNAP-EXCLUSIVE VISIT.

[Boston Herald.]

This season Mrs. Belknap determined to establish a precedent, and declined returning visits unless those made by the wives and daughters of officers of the army and navy, the diplomatic corps, and a few others. She gave no evening entertainment but her dinners, and she has had three or four each week since New Year's which were of the most refined and elegant discription. There were usually covers for fourteen, and the *menu* embraced every delicacy in and out of season, served on a table glittering with costly silver and fine glass, and illuminated by a profusion of rare flowers. These dinners have been the talk of the town, and it has been considered as great an honor to receive a card for one of Mrs. Belknap's dinners as for a dinner served at the White House. The toilettes have been of the most elaborate and expensive materials. At the last German, where she received the guests for the "Bachelor's Club" who gave it, the dress worn by her was said to have cost six hundred dollars, and came from Pingat in Paris, and this was one of the most modest of her costumes. Her laces and jewels were the envy of the ladies of the diplomatic corps, and that speaks volumes for their worth and magnificence.

Her last appearance in public was on Monday last, when she attended three entertainments, the first an elegant dinner party given by Madame Bergmont, at her superb house on H street. Here she seemed not to be very bright, and remarked to a lady near her: "I am not well; I am so nervous, and I ought not to be here." What wonder that she was nervous, with the sword ready to fall and destroy her and her husband. Later she went to the last reception given by Mr. Riggs, the prominent banker and his daughters; and still later to a leap-year party given by Admiral and Mrs. Porter. Her custume of shimmering silk was half hidden under the drapery of foamy costly lace, worth, they say, a prince's ransom. Her ornaments, as I heard the next day, were a costly parure of diamonds, which glittered and flashed forth a thousand colors, worn for the first time. She was surrounded all the evening by friends, and was acknowledged the most elegantly dressed lady of the evening.

From the New Haven Register (Dem.)—The Cabinet ladies in Washington, it is said, have held a meeting and voted that they cease to recognize Mrs. Belknap. It is further said that Mrs. Robeson was the most severe against her. These "Cabinet ladies" should move slowly, or they may find themselves "without a quorum!"

From the Hartford Times (Dem.)—Zach Chandler remarks: "I would as soon be in hell without a fan as to be Secretary of the Interior with a Democratic House in session." He is now realizing the comforts of the latter position, and may further find out "how it is himself" in the other.

EXECUTING MURDERERS BY ELECTRICITY.—The Scientific American discusses hanging as a mode of capital punishment and proposes a substitution of electricity for the gallows. It recommends the following as the way in which to have executions conducted: "The battery and coil should be of sufficient strength to deliver an eighteen inch spark. In case of there being more than one person to execute, all of the condemned would be conducted, with all due ceremony, to the place of execution, the left hand of one man handcuffed to the right hand of his neighbor, and the conducting wire fastened to bracelets on the disengaged wrists of both criminals. If only two are to be executed, or to the wrists of the outer men if more than that number are to suffer. The culprits being seated so as to be seen by the legal witnesses, the sheriff presses a button. The current is instantly established from the coil, passes through the bodies of the men, and all is over."

Employment Scarce in Philadelphia.

MR. EDITOR: Please say to any of your readers who may be thinking of coming to Philadelphia to find work, that they had better *not come*. The city is flooded with men from all parts of the country, who have imagined that the Centennial would bring with it plenty of employment for everybody! They have forgotten the fact that thousands of good workmen, resident in the city, are now out of employment because of the stoppage of the wheels of industry in foundries, mills, shops, and stores—and while the Exhibition has given, and will give, work to thousands, yet the supply already far exceeds any possible demand. The new comers are not only bitterly disappointed, but worse, for their little means is soon exhausted, and they are driven often to the very verge of starvation, while hundreds have to seek the shelter of the station-houses, or walk the streets the whole night long.

In response to an inquiry made of the President of the House of Correction, the following has just been received:

OFFICE OF "THE HOUSE OF CORRECTION."
PHILADELPHIA, Mar. 6, 1876
JOHN WANAMAKER, Esq.,

Dear Sir: In reply to your favor of the 28th ult., I have had prepared the enclosed statement, exhibiting the number of admissions to this Institution during the months of December, January, and February last, and also the proportion of that number who were committed at their own request.

Of twenty-two hundred and forty-two (2242) admissions, no less than eleven hundred and fifty-one (1151) were self committed.

The supposition that, as a class, the occupants of the House of Correction are those who seek its food and shelter only to avoid labor is erroneous. On the contrary, as a rule, they work cheerfully enough even at the hardest and most disagreeable of out-door employments—stone-quarrying, ditching, etc., though in very many cases, the men have been educated to clerical rather than to manuel labor.

The result is, therefore, startling, as an index of the overcrowded condition of many branches of industry, and I can fully endorse as excellent the idea suggested in your note, namely, to urge through the columns of the country papers, young men *to stay where they are*, and not crowd to the city in anticipation of obtaining employment, at least at the present time.

Yours, truly,
WILLIAM GULAGER,
President.

STATEMENT.

ADMITTED.

	Males.	Females.	Total.
December,	909	89	1088
January,	603	118	721
February,	354	79	433
Total,	1956	286	2242

SELF-COMMITTED.

December,	659	15	674
January,	299	14	313
February,	156	8	164
Total,	1114	37	1151

The writer is led to send this communication because of the large number of letters and calls he is constantly receiving from persons in great distress, whose experience is suggested in the foregoing, and he feels that he cannot do a kinder service to the young men outside of Philadelphia, than to urge them, *for their own sake*, to remain at home, unless they have the positive promise of something to do when they come to the city, and come for the purpose of claiming the promise.

JOHN WANAMAKER,
President of the Philadelphia Young Men's Christian Association.

DRAW POKER—A KNAVE BEATS THE QUEEN.

The Tribune takes kindly to the Buckeye boss of Emma Mine, and compliments him thus:

There has been a lingering suspicion until now that the Great Republic had never been fully revenged. Other difference had been adjusted, but we may as well confess that till Schenck's reembarkation for home we harbored a feeling of revenge. But now old scores are squared. We have "placed" the Emma Mine on the British public, and taught the English people the game of draw poker. Ours is the proud satisfaction of having not only given to Great Britain the original rules of this noble game, but of having added one more, and illustrated the play, that "our knave beats a queen." We entertain none but kindly feelings toward the constable on the shore; it is his misfortune, that he represents the paw of the British Lion, while it is the glory of our homeward-bieing diplomat that he wears the pinions of our own noble bird, and that he could unfurl behind him to the wondering gaze of the constable who had been referred to, Lord Derby, these thrilling words of one of Freedom's own poets:

Keep your eye ever fixed on the American Eagle,
Which we as the proud Bird of Liberty hail,
For that wise fowl you can never inveigle
By depositing salt on his venerable tail.

And as for Mr. Dougall, who is the owner of The Hour newspaper and the representative of the stockholders in the Emma Mine, we shall be sorry if Mr. Schenck's somewhat abrupt departure shall prove to have deranged any of his plans. But he should remember that it rarely happens in this world that any one lays his hand simultaneously upon the Hour and the Man. The Hour is his. The Man is on the Abyssinia, and refers by permission to Lord Derby.

But ah, how good it was in our noble President to hold on to the resignation, till the best of the returning Schenck was on the Sea and his bark was on the tide. If we may be allowed to use a figure of speech from the great American game, the President "raised everybody else out" and let Robert "get away with the pot." So cometh homeward Schenck. Comes probably with a "full hand," though that we shall not know till the Abyssinia is signaled. Shall we not publicly receive him? Say with the marine Band? Or a procession? Where are the men who were lately telegraphing congratulations to Babcock and getting up a subscription for him? Let them start it. And let us be sure our welcome reaches seaward and widens till it takes him in its warm embrace. And when we "call him, though he may not answer back "a full hand," we may be certain that he will throw down nothing less than a "Jack at the top." Let us welcome him then cordially and heartily. He flies from a constable. Warm on his shoulder is the finger-print of despotism.

WHY FRED GRANT WAS SENT WEST.

[Washington Special to Boston Herald.]

No authentic explanation of the sudden and unexpected departure of Col. Fred Grant for the plains has yet been obtained, but that there was a very important reason will undoubtedly appear in due time. The fact that all the real estate operations here of the President and his family are about to be investigated, may have something to do with this hasty departure of the young man for the frontier. The investigation of the real estate pool which is now going on will not stop short of some highly important disclosures, and among the things likely to be shown is that Fred Grant received a large sum of money from Boss Shepherd, which he put into real estate. This is understood to have been ostensibly a gift by Boss Shepherd, and it is is futhermore believed that it was this kind of an obligation which has attached the President so firmly to the late Governor of the District of Columbia.

THE IMPEACHMENT PROJECT.

The Delay in the Judiciary Committee.

Washington, March 12.—Some days must necessarily elapse before the committee on the judiciary will be prepared to report articles of impeachment against Belknap, no material testimony, if any at all, having been taken since that of Marsh—which under present circumstances is of no avail—in support of the charges which the House has already informed the Senate it will make good. It is said that more than a week ago six or seven persons in the vicinity of Marsh and their arrival may therefore soon be expected. In response to a question recently of a member of the judiciary committee, he said that proof could be produced, independently of that of the witness Marsh, to abundantly support and prove the charges already made. Nothing has been heard from Marsh apart from what has appeared in the newspapers, but some of the members of Congress express their belief that Marsh will return if Congress passes the bill securing him from arrest in connection with Belknap's offense.

No Criminal Prosecution Without Marsh's Testimony.

Washington, March 12.—The grand jury cannot find any indictement against Secretary Belknap in the absence of Marsh, the principal witness. The Assistant District Attorney states the evidence presented thus far to the grand jury is insufficient to warrant it in bringing an indictment, and it is more than probable that unless Marsh can be brought back to testify it will be impossible to punish Belknap through the medium of a criminal prosecution.

THE STAY LAW.—The bill providing for a stay of execution, which has passed the house, grants a stay of execution for two years on judgments now remaining satisfied, or which may be obtained within six months from the passage of the act; provided, that the defendant can show that he is the owner of property to double the amount of claims held against him; or the defendant may give security to the court or justice of the peace before whom the judgment was obtained, which security shall consist of one or more persons, who shall satisfy the court or justice that their property at a fair valuation is worth double the claim. If it becomes a law many persons will be greatly benefited these hard times.

The testimony of Peck, of the frontier trading firm of Durfee & Peck, before the Clymer committee, displays in a some what startling way the extensive scale on which the traffic in trading posts was carried on by the Grants, the Babcocks, Belknap and Delano. Orville Grant and W. H. Babcock, the brother of Gen. Babcock, who held a territorial appointment from the President, appear to have been the active partners. Their business was that of jobbers or middlemen, receiving tradership from the President and selling or renting them out at handsome figures. Tomlinson, Mrs. Belknap's brother, turns up in Peck's testimony, but it does not appear how much either Balknap or Delano had to do with the cases in which Peck was concerned, the removals and appointments being made "by direction of the President." Delano, indeed, being remonstrated with by Peck on his removal, replied that "if he did not cut off a head when the President ordered him to, the President would cut of *his* head," which shows our friend Delano to have been a man of discretion, if not honesty.

Washington, March 18.—The investigations which were in progress at the Capitol to day were most remarkable for the testimony of an entirely reputable witness that $40,000 were paid by a firm of postal contractors to have an investigation discontinued in the Forty-second Congress in which they were interested. This witness is Mr. Barlow, President of the National Bank at St. Albans, Vt., and senior partner in the mail-contracting firm of Barlow, Sanderson & Co., who formerly had several routes in the Territories and western States. This firm obtained contracts for transporting the mails at enormous prices by use of straw bidders. The witness was extremely reticent, and had forgotten most of the transactions of the firm within the past ten years.

THE VALUE OF EDUCATION.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Jake was heard calling across the fence to his neighbor's son, a colored youth who goes to school at the Atlanta colored university:

"Look hyar, boy, you goes ter school, don't yer?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"Gittin' eddykashun, ain't yer?"

"Yes sir."

"Larnin' rithmetick and figgerin' on a slate, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, it don't take two whole days to make a hour, do it?"

"Why no!" exclaimed the boy.

"You was gwine ter bring dat hatchit back in a hour, warn't ye?"

"Yes, sir."

"An' it's bin two days sence yer borrowed it. Now, what good's eddykashun gwine ter do you thick skulled niggers when yer go to school a whole year an' den can't tell how long it takes to fotch back a hatchit?"

The boy got mad and slung the hatchit over the fence and half way through an ash barrel.

——We would esteem it an especial favor if every friend of the Reporter would send us the name of at least one subscriber, with the Cash—for three months, 50 cents; six months $1,00, and one year $2. Reader, won't you try and do us this little favor, and will repay you by improving the Reporter. Send us the names of six new subscribers, with the Cash, and we will send you the Reporter one year free.

For the Reporter.

APPARENT CONTRADICTIONS.

No. I.

The Miracles of Moses and the Egyptian Sorcerers. Ex. 7: 10, 11, and John 3: 1, 2.

Academus, a judicious, sensible and inquisitive man says: No man can do the works thou (Jesus) doest except God be with him. But Moses and the Egyptian magicians did do such works.

Ques. How may these statements be harmonized?

Ans. 1. Moses and Aaron wrought their miracles by the power of God.

2. The Egyptian jugglers wrought theirs either by legerdemain, or a league with the devil; or by God interposing and changing their rods into real serpents, which were afterwards swallowed by Aaron's serpent. No man-power . . . . except in the slight of hand.

No. II.

The hard enemy of Pharaoh's heart Ex. 7: 3, and James 1: 13, 14 God tempteth no man.

Q. How may the contradiction be explained?

A. God does not persuade, tempt, or harden men in anything, which is in its own nature, evil; but God does harden men in *such* courses and dangerous attempts as shall and are intended by God to prove either a very sore punishment to them or their utter ruin.

No. III.

The unjust charges, Ex. 3: 22. Ex 20: 15.

Q. How may the borrowing of the Israelites from the Egyptians and not returning be what they borrowed, be reconciled with the prohibition, not to steal?

A. Borrow in this case meant to ask request, and spoil means to recover property, wages, etc., of which the Israelites had been unjustly deprived by the Egyptians. Hence this was God's method of balancing accounts between the injured and the injurious, compelling those who had done wrong to make restitution. He sits upon the throne judging right.

No. IV

The Sin of unbelief. Ex. 17: 6. Num. 20: 7-12.

The smiting of the rock at Rephedim was right at Kadesh wrong.

Q. Was there not a contradiction here?

A. 1. God had ordered Moses only to speak to the rock at Kadesh and smite it.

2. The smiting of the rock was a type of the smiting of Christ, and needed no repetition; for as the rock needed only to be spoken to so Christ need only to be spoken to by the prayer of faith and the water will flow.

No. V.

The number of the children of Israel. Gen. 46: 26, 27, and Acts 7: 14 Moses says 70 came into Egypt and Stephen says 75.

Q. Can this discrepance be reconciled?

A. The 5 sons of Manassah and Ephraim mentioned in 1. Chron. 7: 14-25, are to be reckoned to the 70 mentioned by Moses.

No. VI

God's countenance. Ex. 33: 11, 20.

The Lord spake to Moses face to face—Thou cans't not see my face—no man shall see my face and live.

Q. How may these texts be harmonized?

A. 1. Moses saw God symbolically, by literal signs—in the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night.

2. Essentially no man can see God—His essence is invisible.

No. VII

The Cross bearing. John 19: 17, and Mk. 15: 21.

John says Christ bore it, and Mark says Simon bore it.

Q. How reconcile these Evangelists?

A. Christ carried the cross till he fainted under it, and then the soldiers, for fear he might die and future cruelties be prevented, compelled Simon to bear it for him, i. e. assist him.

No. VIII.

The angels in the grave. Mk. 16: 5, John 20: 12. John mentions 2 and Mark 1.

Q. Is this not a contradictory record?

A. Mark, I suppose, notices the one the woman saw first and that spake to them, and hence there is no real contradiction.

No. IX.

Three days and three nights. Matt 12: 40 and Jon. 1: 17. In the Book of Jonah, it is said, The Lord prepared a great fish, etc., Matthew says a great whale

Q. How may this difference be accounted for?

A. *Dag gadol* (H.) and *Ketos* (G.) means a shark, or any large fish. There have been snark in the Mediterranean weighing 4,000 pounds—and such a fish could certainly swallow Jonah.

No. X.

Christ's testimony of Himself. John 5: 31, and 8: 14. If I bear witness of myself my witness is not true.—Though I bear record of myself, my record is true.

Q. How may this discrepancy be accounted for.

A. 1. According to the common rule of judgment among men, what I say of myself, though infallibly true, will not be allowed by you, (Jews) as testimony and evidence.

2. His credentials were fully satisfactory, i. e. the nature of his doctrine and the power by which He worked his miracles.

No. XI.

The right use of earthly goods. Lk. 16: 9, Matt. 19: 23, 24. Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness. A rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of Heaven.

Q. How may Matthew and Luke be reconciled?

A. 1. It is difficult to convert a rich man.

2. It is exceedingly difficult for a rich man to be a *good* man.

3. Use your worldly goods so, that when you die you will be received into heaven—make the poor your friends.

No. XII.

Two different events. Luke 7: 36-50, Matt. 26: 6-13, Mark 14: 3-9, John 12: 1-8.

Q. How may the differences of the records of the four Evangelists above quoted be harmonized?

A. 1. The name and place of the woman that was a sinner are unknown.

2. The other woman was Mary the Sister of Lazarus and Martha of Bethany.

No. XIII.

Two different rules. Prov. 26: 4, 5.

Answer not a fool according to his folly.

Answer a fool according to his folly.

Q. Does not the wise man contradict himself?

A. No.

1. Don't answer a foolish man in a foolish way, e. g., If he boast of himself, do not answer him by boasting of yourself.

2. Answer him so as to expose his folly and humble him and prevent him from deceiving others.

No. XIV.

Two different burdens. Gal. 6: 2, 5.

Bear ye one another's burdens.

Every man shall bear his own burden.

Q. Does not Paul contradict himself?

A. No.

1. We should feel for one another—Sympathize with one another, etc.

2. Every man shall carry his own responsibility—answer for himself to God.

No. XV.

Hearing and not hearing Acts 9: 7 and 22: 9.

Luke says: They (those that sojourned with Paul) heard a voice, but saw no man. Paul says: They heard not the voice of Him that spake to me.

Q. How may the want of agreement be accounted for?

A. They heard Paul speak, but saw not *him* to whom he spake, nor heard distinctly what was said to him.

No. XVI.

Standing and not standing. Acts 9: 7 and 26: 14.

Paul says, before Agrippa, where we were all fallen to the ground. Luke says, the men that journeyed with him, stood speechless.

Q. How is this?

A. His companions fell to the earth but rose again without being bidden. (Paul did not) but stood speechless after they had gotten up.

No. XVII.

Repenting and not repenting. 1 Sam. 15: 29, and 35: 11. The Lord repented, etc.

Q. What does repentance mean in God?

A. A change of method, way, dispensation, conduct, and not of mind.

No. XVIII.

Seeing and not seeing. John 1: 18, and 14: 9.

No man hath seen God at any time—Jesus saith have I been so long with you and hast thou not known me—he that hath seen me, hath seen the Father.

Q. How can these passages be reconciled?

A. God in his essence is invisible, but was seen in his son who was the image of his Father.—Seen:

1. By sight.
2. By faith.

No. XIX.

To be and not to be. John 1: 21, Matt. 11: 14.

Q. How reconcile these texts?

A. 1. John, the Baptist was to be and not to be.

2. He was not to be Elijah in person, but in spirit and power. He was the Elias God promised. Matt. 11: 14—not of which the Jews boasted.

No. XX.

Temporal and Eternal. Eccle. 1: 4. 2 Peter 3: 10.

The earth abideth forever.—The earth and all the works that are therein shall be burnt up.

Q. How harmonize these quotations?

A. The earth will endure to the end of time, and then it will be burnt up.

The harmony of the Scriptures, a proof of their divinity.

X.

Aaronsburg, Pa.

A MATTER OF POPULAR INTEREST.

We condense from the *Lehigh Register* the substance of a conversation about Oak Hall, in Philadelphia, Wanamaker & Brown's "Largest Clothing House in America." A visitor and attendant are the speakers:

Visitor. "What corner is the Building on?"

Attendant. "South-East corner of *Sixth* and Market. Please note the SIXTH, for some strangers seeking Oak Hall, have been misled by designing persons."

V. "It is perfectly colossal! Do you know its dimensions?"

A. "12,000 square feet—66 on Market, and 180 odd on Sixth, six stories high, has over three acres of flooring, and covers space once occupied by more than twenty different business places."

V. "Do you use steam-power?"

A. "A giant young engine furnishes power for the freight and passenger elevators, and the boilers furnish for heating, and the other operations of the house."

V. "What order do you take with goods?"

A. "They are first opened and arranged in the basement on long low counters, and taken thence on the freight elevator to the Inspector's room on the first floor."

V. "In inspecting the first operation?"

A. "No, sir, measuring. The goods are first measured in the piece, then inspected. The cloth passes over rollers in the face of a strong light, and two men sit, one before and one behind the goods, watching with the eye of a hawk for the least pin-hole imperfection, and marking every flaw, so that the cutter may see and avoid it when he comes to cut the garments."

V. "You must employ an army of cutters?"

A. "Come to our fifth floor and see! We keep 70 hands all the time erecting up the cloth into garments—besides 30 machines that do a dozen men's work each at a stroke."

V. "Do you manufacture all your own goods?"

A. "We do, and most carefully. Our examiners inspect every stitch and seam, and certify to every garment as extra-well made before they will our ticket on it, and become responsible for it."

V. "Your system must save you a great deal?"

A. "In every direction, sir. It is the system and economy we practice all the way through, that enables us to put our prices down to the people as we do."

V. "After inspecting the work, what becomes of it?"

A. "Before it goes into Stock it is *ticketed*. Every single garment has its number and other points noted on it, so that its entire history can be traced without fail, upon our books."

V. "You must have 30 or 40 salesmen?"

A. "Why sir, on busy days you may see 100 in the various rooms and suites of rooms, selling to the throngs of customers."

V. "Do you do an order business, by mail and express?"

A. "Very great. All over the country. Our perfect system and rules of self-measurement make it possible to please people 2,000 miles away [illegible] perfectly as if they were here in person."

V. "I suppose you have at least half a dozen different departments?"

A. "My dear sir! we have more than *twenty*, each charged with its own business, and each thoroughly organized, a necessary wheel within the great wheel."

V. "Will you name a dozen or so of them?"

A. "With pleasure. The Custom Department, for those who pref

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

THURSDAY 23, MAR 1876.

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 895, I. O. of O. F., meets every Saturday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall.
J. M. GILLILAND, Sec't. H. F. SANKEY, A. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 437, F. A. M., meets on Monday evening, on or after each full moon in the Odd Fellows Hall.
C. F. HERLACHER, Sec't. W. B. MINGLE, W. M.

PROGRESS GRANGE, P of H, meets on Saturday afternoon on or after each full moon, at their Hall.
J. J. ARNEY.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us Items of local news in their locality, give us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of five new Subscribers, with the *cash*, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by nearly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

☞Subscribers to the REPORTER, residing outside of Centre county, should remit us 10 cents, yearly, for postage which we will pay here; this reduces the postage to one half, as the sum paid by them for one year's postage was 20 cts.

——The snow-storm on Monday and Tuesday has exceeded any of the past winter. Snow fell to the depth of about 6 inches, giving us prospect for another season of sleighing.

——The Auditors of Potter township have changed the time for holding settlement to April 1st.

——The foundry and machine shops of W. P. Duncan & Co., Bellefonte, are the best in central Penn's. They have the latest improved machinery for working on iron, and their foundry turns out faultless castings and of the best metal. Our farmers, mill-owners and others should bear this important fact in mind, if they desire reliable work. See adv.

Mary had a little dress, all ruffled, puffed and braided, "Domestic Fashions" gave it shape the New "Domestic" made it.

——How much more satisfactory it is to have the same price for the same garments to everybody, as they do at Wanamaker & Brown's Great Clothing House, at 6th and Market, Phila.

——A shower of sleet nearly all day Thursday, 16—in the evening snow flakes came falling down almost as large as johnny cakes.

——A new two-story frame dwelling house, belonging to Frank Scholl, near Wolf's Store, in Miles twp., was destroyed by fire on Tuesday night, 14, about 9 o'clock. Mr. Scholl was absent from home and Mrs. Scholl had retired when the fire was discovered by some of the neighbors. The flames spread too rapidly to save anything. We believe there was no insurance. The fire originated in the kitchen, and is supposed to have been accidental.

——PLASTER.—Shortlidge & Co., Bellefonte, are now receiving the celebrated Cayuga Plaster finely ground, which they sell at $9.50 per ton of 2,000 pounds or fifty cents per hundred in less than ton lots, CASH. They also sell Nova Scotia or white plaster at Eleven dollars and fifty cents per ton or sixty cents per hundred pounds, CASH. They deserve the farmer's patronage.

—— Fresh and pure drugs at R. F. Rankin's, next door to Deschner's gun shop. Toilette and fancy articles always on hand.

——BITS.—The sleet on last Thursday, 16, furnished us sleighing until Monday, when there was more snow to keep the bells jingling.——If you want nice fresh fish call at Wm. Wolf's who has just received a lot of the latest haul.——J. H. Keller and Mr. Meyer of Harris township sent a lot of fat cattle to Philadelphia a few days ago, that will make the mouths of the people of the city of Brotherly Love water.——J. H. Keller has moved from Centre Hall to John Conley's Ad. Hosterman, jr., sits to Boalsburg.——Van Ormer, who makes the good flour at Millheim, popped in on us, Monday.

——A large comb factory in New York was destroyed by fire on Saturday. This will be good news for lice.

——Mr. Thomas Lingle, of near Centre Hall, reports some hogs, which he killed, and dressed as follows: One Chester white, 628; one Poland China 520, and one cross, 500 lbs. Who can beat these grunters?

——In Union county, we are informed, the pike is in such a bad condition that persons driving over it refuse to pay toll. In Pennsvalley, the same pike needs looking after, else there will be some grumbling. Give us good roads gentlemen.

Scribner's Monthly for April has an illustrated article on Yale college, by Henry A. Beers, and another on the subject of a Subterranean Outlet to the Upper Lake Regions, by Martin A. Howell, jr. "Philip Nolan's Friends." E. E. Hale's capital story, is continued, and several additional chapters of Bret Harte's Gabriel Conroy are given; other contributions by John A. Dix, G. P. Lathrop, John G. Saxe, Clarence Cook, Abbott Foster, Henry King, J. B. O'Reilly, J. V. Cheney, Jules Verne, John Burroughs, Anna C. Brackett, Dr. J. G. Holland and others, make up a first class number. Scribner & Co., 743 Broadway, New York.

Messrs. Hoover, Harris & Co., of Philipsburg, and Mr. Hughes, of Bellefonte, have taken the contract to build the large and elegant new passenger depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, at West Philadelphia, corner of Thirty-second and Market street. The building is to cost over one hundred thousand dollars, and the entire work will be done by the above enterprising firm. The depot is to be finished by the first of May, and will require rapid work to complete it.—Journal.

Report of the Pine Grove Primary School for month ending March 10, 1876: Number of pupils enrolled, Males 22, females 15, total 37. Average attendance females 12, Males 21, total 33. Per cent of attendance, Males 95, females 80, total 89. Ten scholars present every day.
T. G. ARCHEY, Teacher.

EXPLANATION TO THE GRANGERS.—On last Friday night, March 10th, the patrons wanted to hold a meeting for the public in the Churchville School house. A lecture was to be delivered for some purpose. On Thursday evening it was made known through the Singing School. No one came to ask for the house or the key, just as if it was in their hands entirely. I did not know anything about the meeting until I came to my boarding place, then it was too late to tell them that I had already refused the house for a meeting of the same kind prior to this one. I did not give them the key, as no one asked me for it until the meeting was commenced. I do not think that the Lecturer or any one of the Grangers would like to give their own kitchen for their meeting just now. Besides the school house is only for educational purposes and not for grange meetings.

P. S. Grangers give *no one* the blame for taking this step—without any assitance I came to such a conclusion.
E. B. HOSTERMAN, Teacher.

The Emporium Independent says: Lumbering operations the past winter have been almost a failure in this section. True, many parties from divers causes had not contemplated putting in but little stock yet in very many instances that little has not been put in. On the Driftwood not more than one-tenth of the usual amount of pine and about one-half the amount of hemlock has been put in this year, and in square timber there has not been a single raft made, so far as we can learn.

——The sale of the lots of S. S. Wolf, deceased, has been adjourned to Saturday, April 8, at 1 o'clock upon same terms as heretofore published. 4t

The town hall at Pottsville, owned by G. W. Slater, was destroyed by fire yesterday morning. Loss estimated at $100,000.

NITTANY VALLEY BREVITIES.

——Ho! everything for the Centennial.
— Feasts occasionally, but generally private.
——The Centre Literary society will give a public evening in two weeks, on which occasion the Herald, its paper, will be read. The Herald is a monthly periodical, but has not appeared recently as such. It is struck with Grantism sure.
——In our item of last week in reference to Dr Hubler's intention of going to lecture, we did not say he was a scientific farmer but a scientific farrier. The Dr. does not farm.
——The protracted meeting at Zion is still going on. It is proving to be one of the greatest revivals ever held there.
A wee bit of sleighing appeared on Friday morning for the second time this winter. A pleasant surprise to have our ears greeted with the jingling of sleigh-bells these times.
——"To get information," is the response we heard a gentleman give his friend a few days since, when asked why he was always reading. This was a sensible reply and should induce some of our dunnies to quit loafing and to get to reading. CON DENCER.

MINUTES OF TEACHERS ASSOCIATION OF HARRIS DISTRICT.—Association convened at Oak Hall, March 18, at 9 o'clock, a. m., with the President in the chair. Reading of the scripture, roll call, minutes of previous session read and accepted, class drill in read ng by W. L. Foster, followed by an interesting discuss on relative to the manner of teaching it. Debate—"Resolved that pupils should not be punished in the presence of the school, dft, G. W. Williams, neg. E. H. Christie. An animated discussion ensued in which all the members of the institute participated. After which concluded that it was not always best to punish in the presence of the school. Next in order was an interesting and beneficial drill in "general questions," conducted by John Jacobs, which closed the forenoon session. P. M., Music, reading of the "Scrap Book" by the editor, E. H. Christie, followed by an entertaining and practical drill in music, which was conducted by Henry Webb. Discussion—How can we get the citizens more interested in our common schools? Opened by A. D. Wirtz; and in which all took an active part. Miscellaneous business. By a motion of the society, the following resolutions were drafted and adopted: Resolved, That the thanks of the institute, be tendered to the Board of Directors, of Harris township, for allowing time for attending said institute. Resolved, That the institute has been a source of great benefit to the teachers in their every day work; and that all benefits which teachers receive in regard to school matters, are a benefit to the pupils. Resolved, That the meetings have been conducted with a view to the best interests of the pupils; and the subjects discussed were such as had a direct bearing on the teachers work; and to further the purpose of the Directors in allowing such institutes. Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the Board of Directors, for future consideration. After which the institute adjourned. G. W. WILLIAMS, Sec.

COURT PROCEEDINGS.

A special term of court for the trial of civil causes was convened on Monday, the 6th inst., and was presided over during the week by his honor, Judge Mayer. Much delay was occasioned by causes not being ready for trial, and the Judge gave attorneys and parties warning that he would, hereafter, if causes were not ready for trial, and no good, legal ground was given for their continuance, strike them from the list and not permit them to be placed upon it again. He informed them that he had taken this course at Lock Haven, at the last term of court there, striking off eleven causes in one day, most of them against the protest of attorneys and suitors, and some to their no little consternation. This summary course of his honor, we doubt not, will be decidedly approved by the community generally, and especially commends itself to the sanction of taxpayers. As he says, causes which are not ready for trial have no business on the list in the way of those that are. To appreciate its thorough going judiciary, this district should be saddled, for a term or two, with one of the old-fogy, slow pokejudges of certain districts not far away.

The following are the only causes which juries were called to determine during the week:

David Harter, vs the heirs of Ruben B. Valentine—ejectment, for a tract of land, or a portion of the same, in the warrantee name of Wm. A. Thomas, situated in Marion township, in this county. After most of the evidence had been given in, a juror was withdrawn and the cause dismissed. Blair, Alexander and Bower for pff., Hoy for deft.

Geo Hauupt, use of, J. C. Sample, administrator, etc., et al, vs Samuel Goss and Alexander Harpster, executors of David Harpster, deceased. This was an action of debt for a legacy which, by the terms of the will of the decedent, was to be paid within a reasonable time. No defence was made. The only claim on the part of the defendants being that they were not yet prepared to pay the legacy. Verdict for the plaintiff for $839.30 Fortney for pff. Alexander and Bower for deft.

James Iddings, vs Joseph Iddings—assumpsit. The defendent rented a farm from the plaintiff in April, 1870, for a share of the crops, and again the next year on a money rental. There was no written agreement and the dispute was as to what share the plaintiff was to receive. He claimed that it was one-half, while the defendant said it was agreed that he should furnish seed and pay the taxes, or render to his lessor one-third of what was raised. There was, also, considerable difference between the parties as to the amount of crops raised the first year, as the quantity which the plaintiff had received as his share. The testimony was quite voluminous, and the cause occupied more time than its importance really merited. Verdict for the defendent for $70.24. Alexander and Bower for pff., Beaver for deft.

John Hoy vs Wm. Holt—assumpsit. This was the most lengthy and important cause tried during the term. An agreement was entered into July, 1870, between John Hoy, of the one part, and Jesse S. Williams, Wesley Holmes and Wm. Holt, of the other part. The interest of Williams and Holmes was subsequently acquired by Mr. Holt, and by an agreement between him and Mr. Hoy, it was agreed that all matters in controversy between them growing out of the above-mentioned contract—except as to a saw mill—should be settled in this action. By this agreement Mr. Hoy sold to Mr. Holt all the white pine, oak and hemlock, growing up on certain lands of his, and also leased him his saw-mill for the purpose of manufacturing the same. Mr. Holt agreed to clean up the tract, manufacturing all the pine, oak and hemlock timber which would measure one foot at the top end, and which would make good merchantable lumber. For this timber Mr. Holt was to pay $3.50 per thousand for pine and oak, and $1.50 for hemlock. It was claimed by the plaintiff that all the timber was not manufactured, as agreed upon, and also that the account rendered by the defendant was not correct. There were also other collateral matters in dispute between the parties. The defendant had paid into court $1,500 as the amount he was willing to allow the plaintiff to settle the dispute and avoid a law suit. The jury rendered a verdict of $1,480 83 for the plaintiff, which, being less than the amount paid into court, his honor decided that it should appear as a verdict for the defendant, as the costs would have to be paid by the plaintiff, the jury allowing him less than the defendant offered. Furst and Hoy for pff., Beaver, Barnhart Alexander and Bower for deft.—*Republican*, 15th.

IMPROVED COMBINED CORN-PLANTER AND CULTIVATOR.

A resident of Terre Haute, Ind., has just received a patent for a new cornplanter and cultivator that will supersede any cornplanter now manufactured, and which can be sold for about $20, thus making the *prize much* lower for this combined planter and cultivator than any of the single high priced machines now put out. This will be good news for farmers, as they have been fleeced by manufacturers heretofore on machines that can be put up at a cost of from $5 to $8 and are sold at the extravagant price of from $25 to $30. Farmers can now get a combined machine for much less, and one that works far better in every respect than any planter heretofore patented. There is nothing in which the farmer is fleeced more than in the implements he has to buy, which are sold at about six times the cost of manufacture.

The bridge over the river Illinois, near Lutterbach, France, gave way on Friday, 17, under pressure of the flood. A railroad train which was passing over it was precipitated into the river and wrecked. All the passengers were either crushed to death or drowned. Ninety corpses have been recover.

Pittsburg, March 16.—An involuntary petition in bankruptcy and list of creditors in the case of William M. Loyd & Co., bankers, of Altoona, was filed in the United States Court to-day. The liabilities are placed at $1,016,5?2. The assets are not given.

It is feared in London that the English ship Lake St. Clair and the British bark Walton have been lost at sea, with all on board.

PARTICULARS OF THE BATTLE OF MURATONIZZA.

London, March 15.—The Times this morning has a special telegram from Berlin containing the following:

"A letter from Peko Paulovich, who commanded the insurgents at the battle of Muratovizza, asserts that a force of 1,500 insurgents attacked 3,200 Turks. Only 700 of the latter returned to Gatschko. About 800 were killed, and the others were drownded or dispersed. The insurgents captured 675 rifles and four rifled cannon."

EAST INDIES.

Singapore, March 17.—Intelligence has been received here announcing that the expedition of Malcampo, the governor general of the Philippines against the Sooloo pirates has been successful. It is stated that the Spaniards lost 500 men during the operations.

EGYPT AND ABYSSINIA.

Heavy Battle and an Egyptian Victory.

London, March 13—2 p. m.—A postscript of the Daily News, just issued, contains the following: Wednesday night last the Abyssinian army crossed the river Decassa (Dekka) and attacked the entrenched camp of the Egyptian army, when severe fighting took place. On Thursday the Abyssinians were repulsed and retreated to Adowa. King Kassa, the Grand Vizier, six chiefs, and 5,000 Abyssinians are reported to have been killed in the trenches. Prince Parsan and General Loring escaped unhurt. Rhatib was wounded. The Egyptian losses were heavy, but the victory was complete.

CUBAN NANIGOS.

A Strange Story of West Indian Superstition.

Havana, March 14.—A good deal of excitement has prevailed here in consequence of the police having on Sunday arrested about a hundred and fifty "Nanigos" whilst celebrating their feast called the sacrifice. The carcass of a fowl (the blood of which the "Nanigos" drink on such occasions) was found in a room, and also the crosses on which the member's names are drawn by lot, the one drawn to swear to kill the first person whom he encounters. The police also found an altar on which was a figure of Christ, with two knives sticking in its back, pointing out the exact spot where the "Nanigo" is to plunge the knife into his victim. The "Nanigos" acknowledge a belief and perform ceremonies somewhat resembling those of the Voudoos. They were formerly all blacks, but among the arrested were a number of whites and fifteen women.

Fisk editor of Republican, newspaper of Montana Territory, testified before the House post office committee that the Walla Walla and Missoula or Huntley mail contract, which extends over a route more than five hundred miles in length, to continue which costs as estimated eight dollars on each letter, was renewed by the department upon a petition having forged names in the place of numerous protests made by responsible parties. He also states his belief that the service on that route cost the contractors not more than $5,000 per year, for which the government pays about $80,000. That mail route has been so continued since 1870.

The long-expected eruption of Mount Vesuvius commenced on Friday night. Vast quantities of lava have been thrown out.

The West End Mills, at Sixty-fifth and Lombard streets, were destroyed by fire on Saturday morning, causing a loss of $200,000, and throwing 200 hands out of employment. Cause, an overheated journal.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the live-stock, wagons, agricultural implements, &c., in possession of Daniel Horner, are the property of the undersigned, and will be left in his possession at my pleasure. GEO. DURST.
mar 23.

PUBLIC LETTING.—Bids will be received at the office of the County Commissioners of Centre county, Pa., until Saturday, the 22nd day of April next, at 12 o'clock p. m., of said day, of a new roof and other improvements to be made to the County Jail, the plans and speculations for which can now be seen at this office. The successful bidder will be required to enter into bonds with approved security, conditionally for the faithful performance of the contract. By order of the board,
H. A. MINGLE,
J. H. HALL,
A. GREGG,
J. S. BARNHART, Commissioners.
Clerk. mar 23 4t

TOWNSHIP SETTLEMENT.—Notice is hereby given, that the Auditors of Potter township, will meet at Old Fort, on Saturday, April 1st, 1876, at 9 o'clock for the purpose of Auditing accounts. All township officers are requested to be present with their accounts in proper shape for the Audit. J. J. ARNEY,
L. MURRAY,
J. H. KELLER D. CARR,
Town Clerk. Auditors.

SETTLE UP.—All persons indebted to the undersigned by note or book account, will please call on James M. Bell, at Centre Hill, on or before the 1st of April next, after which time they will be placed in the hands of a justice of the peace for collection. A. W. GRAFF.
9 Mar 4t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Ezra D. Brisbin, late of Boalsburg, dec'd having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said decedent are requested to make immediate payment, and persons having claims against the estate will present them authenticated for settlement.
SAMUEL GILLILAND,
9 mar 6t. Adm'r

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Daniel Conser, late of Miles twp, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said decedent are requested to make immediate payment, and persons having claims against the estate will present them authenticated for settlement.
SAM'L GRAMLY,
mar 16 6t Administrator.

WANTED---BUSINESS MEN,
To engage in the sale of a Business Book.
PROFFESOR PARSONS' NEW LAW BOOK
The Personal And Property
RIGHTS
Of a Citizen of the United States;
How to Exercise and How to Preserve them
THE WORK IS ESSENTIAL TO
Every Voter in the Union; to every Tax Payer and Magistrate; to every man who buys, sells or exchanges property; to every Justice of the Peace, Sheriff, Commissioner, or Selectman; to every landlord and every Tenant; to every Notary, clerk or Book-keeper; to every Executor, Heir-at-Law, Legatee to every man who receives or pays interest; to every one who has property to take care of, or business to transact, civil duties to perform, or Rights to maintain.
Send for circulars, giving terms, etc.,
S. S. SCRANTON & CO.
16mar 5t Hartford, Conn.

CHOICE FLOWER AND GARDEN SEEDS.
STRAWBERRIES & PEACHES,
NEW SORTS BY MAIL.
Plants of the newest and finest improved sorts, carefully packed and prepaid by mail. My collection of Strawberries took the first premium for the best Collection at the great show of the Mass. Horticultural Society, in Boston, last season. I grow nearly 100 varieties, the most complete collection in the Country, including all the new, large American and imported kinds. Priced descriptive Catalogue, gratis, by mail. Also, Bulbs, Fruit Trees, Roses, Evergreens, 25 packets Flower or Garden Seeds, $1.00 by mail.
C. C. The True Cape Cod Cranberry. C. best sort for Upland, Lowland, or Garden, by mail, prepaid. $1 per 100, $5 per 1,000. Wholesale Catalogue to the Trade. Agents Wanted.
B. M. WATSON, Old Colony Nurseries and Seed Warehouse, Plymouth, Mass. Established 1832.

A WHIRLWIND INDEED.

Details of The Destruction of Hazel Green, Wis.—Incidents almost Beyond Belief.

We condense from Western journals the following details of the terrible calamity that befell a Wisconsin town on Friday last:

The village of Hazel Green is located about fifteen miles to the northeast of Dubuque, in the extreme southwestern portion of Grant County, Wis., and numbers perhaps 1,000 souls, who are principally engaged in mining the lead ore to be found in that section. The fatal day opened clear and cloudless. The sky shortly afternoon clouded, and for an hour or more wore a threatening look. A little rain fell in the interim, accompanied by slight winds, but the premonition received by the citizens of the approach of the whirlwind was the appearance of two dark clouds on the horizon, one to the north and the other to the west, approaching each other at right angles, and probably at about two hundred feet from the surface of the earth. When about a quarter of a mile to the southeast of the town they seemed to come together, or to telescope each other, as it were, and then, with a terrible reverberation, as of the discharge of a thousand cannon, sink to the earth. It struck the ground a mile southwest of Hazel Green and ploughing a furrow 600 feet long, 4 feet wide and several feet deep, seemed to absorb the earth and rocks. As it moved along in a northeasterly direction it looked like a clay-colored column whirling with incredible speed around a central vacuum.

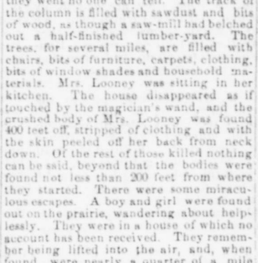
Coming To Town.

As the cylinder came up the slope the rush and yell and whirr of the column—sounding like the rush and shrieks of the wind on the sea, and like the thunder of guns—attracted the attention of the people of Hazel Green, and they flocked to their doors and windows. Steadily it came on, sometimes bounding fifty feet into the air, then rushing down again. In two minutes it descended on the little hazel grove just southwest of the town. The trees snatched up by the roots and whirled ninety feet into the air and supported there. The cap of the column was a stone 8 feet long, 4 feet wide and 8 feet thick. This stone was held in its position while the column covered a space of three-quarters of a mile. Just between the grove and the town, 280 feet from either, the column halted and spun around over a small space, and then recommenced its march. The air was filled with the yells and lamentations of the people. Never before has such a tornado reached so far north; yet, so fearful and threatening was the coming column that the prophetic souls of the people seemed to warn them of the danger, and those who were not paralyzed dived into their cellars, and there, shivering, awaited the doom they felt must come. Tearing off a corner of a frame house, the column rose some thirty feet into the air, and there, hovering for an instant, fell perpendicularly upon the roof of the Masonic Hall, a stone building. The structure was mashed flat. This was at 4:30, and a meeting had been called for 5 o'clock, half an hour later. Seventy souls would have been assembled in the upper portion of the building. The next house was of frame and occupied by Mrs. Richards and her family. A daughter-in-law and her two children were saved by the scantlings above them, while the rest of the family were killed outright. A fryingpan, containing three cakes, was on the stove and the frying-pan, still containing the cakes, was found a mile and a half northeast of the village. Two cows were carried beyond the ken of mortals. Where they went no one can tell. The track of the column is filled with sawdust and bits of wood, as though a saw-mill had belched out a half-finished lumber-yard. The timber for several miles is filled with chairs, bits of furniture, carpets, clothing, bits of window shades and household materials. Mrs. Looney was sitting in her kitchen. The house disappeared as if touched by the magician's wand, and the crushed body of Mrs. Looney was found 200 feet off, clasped of course, and with the skin peeled off her back from neck down. Of the rest of those killed nothing can be said, beyond that the bodies were found not less than 200 feet from where they started. There were some miraculous escapes. A boy and girl were found out on the prairie, wandering about helplessly. They were in a house of which no account has been received. They remember being lifted into the air, and, when found, were nearly a quarter of a mile from where the house used to be, badly bruised and unable to account for their condition.

Two Horses Take a Ride.

Probably the most remarkable spectacle was that of Dr. Kittoe's horses. An hour before the storm arrived the doctor had been sent for to attend a sick man some three miles off. He returned word that he would not risk his horses over the low and bad roads, and in sixty minutes those same horses, barn, buggy and harness were lifted sixty feet into the air, and the horses dropped at least 100 rods from the former site of the barn. The column was then a huge mass of debris, and a spectator says that the horses went up through the centre of the column, whirling around so swiftly that they looked as if torn in pieces. They were found utterly unbruised but stone dead, and not more than ten or twenty feet apart. The incidents of those fearful few minutes (for the whole affair did not last any longer) would fill a volume. From the southwest corner of the town to the northwest, there is a track, say eighty feet in width, which looks as though a railroad had been laid out. Here and there is a hole, such as you will see where a man has started to build a house, has walled up his cellar and then failed. Scattered about these holes are masses of splinters and saw-dust. Just across the main street stood a wagon shop. Every vestige of the building has disappeared and in its place stands a pile of iron rims, hubs and furniture and coffin house, a few hundred feet beyond, was carried four miles and demolished, and the coffins distributed among the inhabitants of the township. On either side of the road, and just on the line of the storm, stand some of the dismantled and unroofed houses. Some of them were moved from twenty to one hundred feet from their foundations. In every instance the sides were stuck full of huge splinters, some two feet in circumference, and driven through the sides of the houses with apparently resistless force. The road for 600 or 800 yards is utterly impassable, and is covered with debris, some of which is spattering with blood. On Sunday the funeral took place, and the dead were buried in the little cemetery. Of the Richards family there were five, all buried in the same grave. The others were Mrs. John Looney and Alfred Jackson, buried in the northwest of the cemetery. Hazel Green will never be resurrected. The building of a narrow-guage railroad striking a town some two miles distant, has killed Hazel Green, and there will never be an effort to make it anything of a town again.

THE COMPLETE WASHER!



The above cut represents the Complete Washer, fitted to a tub, with the tub cut out to show how it is fastened for use.
OVER 100,000 OF THESE MACHINES ARE IN USE.
The Complete Washer was patented, May 28, 1872, and since its introduction it has proved the
One Thing Needful.
THE COMPLETE
WASHER WILL WASH A
CARPET OR BED QUILT OR A
Fine Lace Curtain or Collar.
It will wash clean any article that can be washed by hand in half the time and with half the labor. It is
SO DURABLE
that the Manufacturers do not hesitate to Warrant it for Five Years. The Machines are Manufactured by F. F. ADAMS & CO., at Erie, Pa. IT WILL
SAVE ITS COST
in a short time, both in labor and wear of clothing. The machines can be seen at Spangler's Hotel, Centre Hall, Pa.
17 feb. tf per's Building, Bellefonte Pa.

MILROY MARKETS,

corrected weekly by D. Shelmire,

Clover Seed $8.00 to $8.50.
Beef $5 to $6,50 per 100 lbs.
Corn 45
Rye 65c to 70
Soft Nova Scotia Plaster $8; ground $9.50 to $10 per ton.
White Wheat $1.20 to $1.30
Red " $1.25.
Barley 70c to 80.
Timothy $2 to 2.50.
Plaster in Stone $7.75 to $8.
Salt 1.40 to 1.50.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.

White Wheat $1.20 Red 120....Rye 75 Corn ears 40, 45. Oats 35—Barley 90. 70....Clover seed 5.50.....Potatoes 30 Lard per pound 8.....Pork per pound 06 Butter 20.....Eggs 15. .....Plaster per ton $14. Tallow 8.....Bacon 10.....Ham 15 Lard per pound 8 cents.....Buck wheat 65 cts.....Flour per barrel retail 7,00... Nova Scotia plaster $11 50. Cayuga plaster $9,50 per 2000 lbs. Shelled corn 45 to 50

MARRIAGES.

On 12, by Rev. Tomlinson, Charles Bierly to Miss M. H. Moyer, both of Centre county.

On 16, at Centre Hall, by Rev. W. E. Fischer, Harrison Hackenburg, of Harris twp, to Nannie Miller of Will co. Ill.

DEATHS.

On 19, at Potter's Mills, Annie, daughter of Davis Evans, aged about 19 years.

For the Reporter.

In Memoriam.

Rev. P. Sahm was born near Manheim, Lancaster county, Pa. He studied theology in the Seminary at Gettysburg, under Profs. Schmucker and Hazelius. He entered the ministry in 1833, was married to Susan Tritle in 1841, was the father of eight children, three of whom preceded him to the spirit world. He served the following charges in the order named, viz: Maytown, Middletown, St. Thomas, Green Castle, Blairsville, Johnstown, Indiana, Friedensburg, Loysville, Aaronsburg and New Berlin. He died at Laureiton, Union co., Pa., March 14, 1876, aged 66 years 8 months and 13 days. His remains were interred in the Cemetery at New Berlin, on Sunday, the 19th of March. The funeral sermon on the occasion was preached by Rev H. Zigler, D. D., of Selinsgrove, text, Rev. 7:9-17. The following clergymen were present, viz.: Revs. Anspach, Heiser, Crily, Tomlinson (Luth.), Casper and Yearick (Ref.). There were about 1000 persons in attendance at the funeral. It was a deeply solemn occasion. It was evident that the deceased had many friends. Peace be to his remains. Dr. Sahm was a good theologian, a powerful preacher, a faithful friend, and honest man, a worthy citizen and a kind father. Greatness and goodness combine to commend him to the esteem of all who knew him. His character was symmetrical, well proportioned and complete, and not a deformity, as character too often is. He was a diligent, faithful, earnest, persevering and indefatigable minister of the gospel. He was a conscientious man: he would not compromise principle, conscience or the word of God upon any consideration at all. He was an honorable man, as his record in conference, synod—throughout the church fully shows. He died with the armor on—girdle, breast-plate, shield, sword, etc.—a conquerer through Jesus Christ.

"Servant of God, well done:
Rest from thy lov'd employ;
The battle fought, the vict'ry won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierc'd his frame—
He fell, but felt no fear.

Tranquil amid alarms,
It found him on the field,
A vet'ran on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

The pains of death are past;
Labor and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare clos'd at last,
His soul is found in peace.

Soldier of Christ, well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Savior's joy."

He being dead, yet speaketh. His Sermons, prayers, counsels, exortations, example, will be remembered with affection and gratitude while he is remembered at all. His death was sudden—not unexpected, but sudden. It was peaceful and happy. It was full of faith and hope—full of triumph and glory—True he left no dying sayings for record, but he who testifies for Jesus all his life and during 43 years of ministerial life, at that, did not need to testify for him in death. Sound and steadfast in the faith of the Gospel to the end, he may safely be followed. Suitable resolutions of condolence and sympathy in behalf of his family were adopted by the different Church councils of the New Berlin charge which will be published in the Church papers. May that God, who is infinite in power, wisdom and goodness, and who has said: "As are thy days so shall thy strength be," support and comfort all who are called to mourn by this solemn dispensation of providence. J. T.

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to the estate of R. F. Van Valzah, dec'd., are hereby notified to render satisfaction, on or before the 1st day of April next, as the business is to be closed.
2 Mar 3t. F. H. VAN VALZAH.

IMPORTANT TO BUILDERS.—The undersigned is now prepared to sell Brick at his kilns at Centre Hall to suit purchasers, at reasonable rates, also to furnish or contract Brickwork. S. S. FARNER.
7 oct y

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!
AT
Wolf's Old Stand.
Largest Stock of Goods in the Valley!
ONE PRICE! LOW PRICE!
POLITE ATTENTION!
Having just returned from the East, and bought at panic prices, I am now prepared to sell cheaper than ever before. My stock consists in part of
DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
NOTIONS,
HOSIERY,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
RUBBER BOOTS,
SANDALS, &c., &c.
Ladies' and Gents' Underwear a speciality.
A LARGE STOCK OF
READY - MADE CLOTHING
constantly on hand. Look at the figures:

Good Cassimere Suits,	$10.00
Good Cassimere Coats,	$8.00

Customers will find the stock complete, and a call is all that is required to assure you that this is the best place in the valley to buy your goods.
Remember, we have but one price for everyone.
WM. WOLF.

FURNITURE.
JOHN BRECHBILL,
in his elegant New Rooms, Spring street Bellefonte,
Has on hand a splendid assortment o HOUSE FURNITURE from the common to the most elegant.
CHAMBER SETS, PARLOR SETS, SOFAS, CHAIRS, BEDSTEADS, WOOL MATTRESSES, HAIR MATTRESSES,
and anything wanted in the line of his business—homemade and city work. Also, has made a speciality and keeps on hand, the largest and finest stock of
WALL PAPER.
Goods sold at reasonable rates, wholesale and retail. Give him a call before purchasing elsewhere. feb6-ly

WM. P. WILSON, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte Pa. Office in Mrs. Benner, Bellefonte.

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A
HARD COAL BASE BURNER
HEATING STOVE, until you have examined the

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Best & Handsomest
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Call and see them at the Store of
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CRAMPTON'S IMPERIAL SOAP
IS THE "BEST."
This Soap is manufactured from pure materials, and as it contains a large percentage of Vegetable Oil, is warranted fully equal to the best imported Castile Soap and at the same time possesses all the washing and cleansing properties of the celebrated German and French Laundry Soaps. It is therefore recommended for use in the Laundry, Kitchen, and Bathroom, and for general household purposes; also, for Printers, Painters, Engineers and Machinists, as it will remove stains of Ink, Grease, Tar, Oil, Paint, etc., from the hands. Manufactured only by
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2, 4, 6, 8, and 10 Rutgers Place, and 35 and 35 Jefferson Street, New York.
For sale at Philadelphia, by KOONS & RUOFF, 202 North Delaware Avenue, and by grocers generally, and at Sechler's grocery. Nov 11. 6m.

Simon Haines,
CENTRE HALL.
Manufacturer of
Carriages,
Buggies,
Wagons, &c.
Of every description; running gear for all kinds of vehicles, made to order, and in first class manner. Being a practical mechanic, I would WARRANT ALL WORK to give satisfaction. Repairing promptly attended to at the lowest rates.
Undertaking,
Coffins of all styles
made on shortest notice. The business of undertaking attended to in all its branches. Respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. 9 sept y

'76 Centennial. '76
FURNITURE,
GREAT Reduction in Prices.
Now is the time to buy, as I have on hand a large Stock I will offer it at panic prices for the next SIXTY DAYS FOR CASH,
Cheaper than it can be bought Elsewhere.
which a few of the following prices will show: Cane Seat Chairs as low as $7.00. Wood Seat Chairs $6.00 and upward; Bedsteads $3 50 to $13 00. A good Bureau for $11.00. Chamber Suits, Extension Tables, Bookcases, and all other Furniture in proportion to the above prices. Please call and examine our work.
JOHN CAMP,
6 jan 3m. Milroy.

J. HARRIS, J. D. SHUGERT, J. A. BEAVE
JOHN MOYER, PETER HOFFER.
Pennsvalley
Banking Co.
CENTRE HALL, PA
RECEIVE DEPOSITS,
And Allow Interest.
Discount Note
Buy and Sell
Government Securities, Gold and Coupons
PETER HOFFER, Pres't. WM. B. MINGLE, Cashier

W. A. CURRY,
Boot & Shoe Maker,
CENTRE HALL, PA.
Would most respectfully inform the citizens of this vicinity, that he has started a new Boot and Shoe Shop, and would be thankful for a share of the public patronage. Boots and Shoes made to order and according to style, and warrants his work to equal any made elsewhere. All kinds of repairing done, and charges reasonable Give him a call. feb 18 1y

JOHN F. ALEXANDER, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
Respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Centre Hall and vicinity. Consultation in English or German. Has a full line of instruments for extracting teeth, Office and residence in the Luth. parsonage. 27feb tf

C. PECK'S
Coach Manufactory.
CENTRE HALL, PA.
The undersigned has opened a new establishment, at his new shops, for the manufacture of
Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,
SLEIGHS AND SLEDS,
PLAIN AND FANCY
of every description.
All vehicles manufactured by him are warranted to render satisfaction, and as equal to any work done elsewhere.
He uses none but the best material, and employs the most skillful workmen. Hence they flatter themselves that their work can not be excelled for durability and finish.
Orders from a distance promptly attended to.
Come and examine my work before contracting elsewhere.
PRICES REASONABLE,
All kinds of Reparing done.

"9999" MONEY FOR ALL. Only two Dimes. Only two Dimes. "It is always darkest before day." To any reader who will send 20 cents to us, we will send one box of 9999 which we guarantee will put you in the way to make $200 a month, and not take half your time. Suitable for men or women, boys or girls, and is entirely new. Thousands can now secure paying business, and constant income. This is the "chance of a lifetime," and if you will not embrace it tell your friends, for it is a Fortune for some worthy deserving person who needs a helping hand. Not a recipe, jewelry, or other humbug, but a safe and sure guaranteed business opportunity. Sample box, circulars, &c., &c., are sent at cost, 20 cents, only to introduce it, none free, and none need reply unless they want to make $2000 a year clear. Hundreds are making that, and 20 cents and "9999" will show you how this is done.

AMONG THE GLACIERS.

BY EMILY PFEIFFER.

Land of the beacon hills that flame up white,
And spread as from on high a word sublime,
How is it that upon the roll of time
Thy sons have rarely writ their name in light?

Land where the voices of loud waters throng,
Where avalanches strike the mountain side—
Here men have wiv'd and toil'd, have wept and died,
And all in silence hearken'd to thy song.

Is it the vastness of the temple frowning
On charming symbols of the artist's faith?
Is it the volume of the music drowning
The utterance of his frail and fleeting breath?
That shames all forms of worship and of praise,
Save the still service of laborious days?

An Engineer's Story.

In the autumn of 1856 I was an engineer on the Galena and Chicago Union railroad, now the Galena division of the great Chicago and Northwestern railway, was sent one Sunday from the junction—thirty miles west of Chicago—to Harlem, to bring up several cars loaded with railroad iron. On arriving at Harlem I found the turn table broken, and, therefore went down to the limits, then Halstead street, to turn my engine about. At that time there were no houses between the city and Oak Ridge, nine miles out, it being a smooth, level prairie all the way, and but little travel except on cars. The road was an air line, and when I had got half over the distance, I saw, walking on the track, a young man and a young woman, each one carrying a small parcel, and having the appearance of fugitives. That was long before Mr. Greeley had instructed the young men to "go west," and this pair had really got the start of the Tribune seer, for they were going west as fast as they could walk, and at the time of my meeting them, had a long stretch before them that promised no pleasing company except such as they found in each other.

After turning my engine I started back, and in a short time overtook the wanderers, when I stopped the engine and invited them to ride. At first they seemed a little timid, but I quieted their fears, and having got them nicely seated in the cab, I started on. By severe questioning I learned that the man had been in the employ of a farmer, in Chautauqua county, N. Y.; that the girl was the only daughter of the farmer; that they had determined on getting married against the will of the parents, and had ran away, seeking the haven of rest, Chicago.

Here they got out of money, and, as the young man failed to get work they had started out to look for places among the farmers. I took them to the junction, where his story awakened a good deal of interest for them among the railroad men, resulting in placing him at De Kalb as a night wiper of locomotives. Here they continued all winter, and, as I used to see them at times, I think I never saw two persons better or more lovingly mated than they. The following spring I lost sight of them, but subsequently I learned that they had returned east.

A few days after Christmas, 1875, I went into Everett's dining rooms, Washington market, New York, and ordered dinner. While waiting to be served, I saw a well-to-do farmer-looking individual enter and take a seat at the next table. He was in conversation with a butcher, and I thought I recognized something familiar in the voice and features of the new comer. So impressed was I with the belief that I had seen him before that on finishing my lunch I approached and asked him if we had not met somewhere. He failed to remember ever having seen me, and I was about going away when I asked if he had ever been on the Northwestern railway. At first he answered in the negative, but quickly corrected himself and said, "Why, yes, I was out there years ago."

"Did you work for the company?"

"Yes I wiped engines at De Kalb one winter."

Then, for the first time, it occurred to me who he was, and I asked if he remembered being picked up one Sunday between Chicago and Oak Ridge.

"I shall never forget that!" said he; "and I know you must be the man who befriended me then. How my wife would like to see you." And he grasped my hand in token of my former kindness and his rememberance of it.

I learned that his wife's parents had sent for them to come back the spring that I missed them; that he had finally come into possession of the farm on the death of his father-in-law; had been very successful and was at that time delivering two car-loads of stock to the butcher at his side.

Eracelets.

Perhaps the history of no other article of jewelry can be traced so far back as that of the bracelet. This may be owing to the fact that it was more easily manufactured, being in the earliest times but a rude band of flexible metal wound around the arm. Bracelets, we are told, have been used by both savage and civilized nations from the farthest back ages down to our own. They are mentioned in Genesis as worn by both men and women. The Medes and Persians were noted, even amongst Asiatics, for their love for ornaments of this class. The Gauls wore bracelets, and the Sabines, as early as the foundation of Rome, had pondered ons golden armlets on the left arm. The same was true of the Samians about the same time. Now, judging from these facts, it is very evident that the human race, ever since its creation, has had a natural hankering after adornments for its arms. This being the case, it is not to be wondered at that the designs and styles and materials employed in the construction of bracelets since their invention are innumerable. The Grecians even wore bracelets in the form of a snake. The Emperor Nero adorned his right arm in a golden armilla, which enclosed the skin of a serpent. Roman ladies wore bracelets, not only for ornaments, but for the purpose of containing amulets, which were supposed to effect marvelous cures. However, the snake period, and the amulet period, and the serpent peroid are among the things of the past, and only the plain, substantial designs born out of a healthy, refined, cultivated nature have come down to us through long ages. Thus we find among the elegant assortment of bracelets of to-day several specimens which in many respects bear a strong resemblence to the heavy, chased bands worn in the middle ages. There are the Roman gold bands, ornamented with a unique design in gold of many colors, and there are the massive bands formed from links of gold, all of which savors strongly of ancient days. One of these bands is particularly chaste. The design is a small section of swamp, edged, with a few reeds and a crane. The work is raised, and the gold employed for the different parts of appropriate tint; the small portion of water visible glitters in sunshine; the silvery wings of the bird flash in the light. Another is Roman gold, has the upper surface studded with three balls. Each ball is embellished with a tiny branch deeply chased. Upon this branch is perched a bird worked in delicate tracery. In the way of diamond bracelets there is nothing especially new. This may perhaps be owing to the perfection of the old styles. There is the usual variety of bracelets ornamented with the cheaper gems and precious stones. For the present, chain bracelets are obsolete; and all band bracelets fasten at the side with a patent clasp.

Intermarriages in Germany.

In the upper classes marriage is determined, if not chiefly, yet perhaps decisively, by means. It is part of the prosaic, practical(and yet how fatally unpractical) programme which seems the law of the modern German nature—the money, if in a family, shall not be allowed to go out of it. Hence, both in the case of gold and land, marriages and intermarriges go on generation after generation,the relationships growing ever nearer and nearer, more and more confused, and the results, as may be readily immagined, ever more and more disastrous. In no other country does one meet with the same number of goitrous throats, scarred necks, spinal disease, hip disease, bad teeth, and generally defective bone structure, as in Germany. No hesitation is felt in speaking openly on matters that one might without hypocrisy, be justified in hiding under any available bushel. "Who is that frightfully disfigured person?" asked my neighbor a brilliant young Lieutenant of hussars, at a family dinner. "*Ich leide sehr an Skrofeln,*" said the young lady in question on the other side of me, speaking in the same level, emotional tone that she might have used in asking me to pass the salt. Alas! she had no need to tell the terrible tale; but in a week, neither more nor less, she was engaged to the critical Lieutenant(he was over head and ears in debt),who though he had not been too delicate to sneer at her defects, was not slow to discover that the *beaux yeux de sa cassette* made up for a want of eyelashes, and that sixty thousand thalers covered a multitude of sins. In another family, where cousins had intermarried with cousins apparently since the flood, the sole heir to a vast property was a delicate spineless boy, a child whose bones had a cruel tendency to work through the skin, and so to slough away to the agony of the little sufferer. It was not possible that he should live, and, when after twelve years of terrible existence, death came, and mercifuly set him free at last, the childless father, looking around, picked out another cousin, took her to wife and lived to have three more children, whereof two were grievously afflicted in mind and body, but the third, a hectic boy, survived to inherit the estate.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

A Useful Tree.

Consul Morgan, in his supplementary report on the trade and commerce of Brazil for the year 1874, just issued, makes special mention of a most useful tree, which would be a valuable acquisition to any country where it would condescend to grow. The tree in question is the carnouba (copernicia cerifera), a palm tree, which without any cultivation develops itself in Ceara, Rio Grande del Norte, Bahia, &c. Perhaps in no country, says Consul Morgan, is a plant applied to so many and varied purposes. It resists the most prolonged drought and preserves itself constantly luxuriant and green. Its roots possess the same medicinal effects as the sarsaparilla. From the trunk are obtained strong fibres, which acquire a beautiful lustre, as well as corner pieces of timber and excellent pallsades for enclosures. The palmetto when young serves as an appreciable and nutritious food; and therefrom also wine, vinegar and a saccharine matter is extracted, as well as a kind of gum similar in its taste and properties to sago. This plant has often served during the period of excessive droughts as the means of support to the populations of Ceara and Rio Grande del Norte. From the wood and trunk of the tree musical instruments are made, as also tubs and pumps for water. The delicate fibrous substance of the nith of the stalk and its leaves make a good substitute for cork. The pulp of the nuts, is of a pleasant taste, and the nut, oily and emulsive, is, after being roasted and reduced to a powder, often used as coffee. From the trunk of the tree a species of flour similar to maizena is extracted, as well as a liquid resembling that of the Bahia cocoanut. From this dried straw, mats, hats, baskets and brooms are made, and of this straw large quantities are exported to Europe, where it is employed in the manufacture of fine hats, the whole value of which exported and of such as is utilized by national industry amounting now to about £117,500 per annum. Finally from its leaves is produced the wax used in the manufacture of candles, the annual exportation of which exceeds in value £162,500.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Proverbs.

It is Lord Bacon who says "The genius, spirit, and the wit of a nation are discovered in its proverbs;" and Earl Russell defined a proverb admirably when he called it the "wisdom of many, and the wit of one"—that is, the wisdom of many having observed a fact, one wittier than the rest puts it into some happy phrase. So also Pope:

True wit is nature to advantage dressed—
What oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed.

As for the wit of a nation being discovered in its proverbs, this is true with the reserve that almost every proverb worth repeating may be found in many languages, indicating a common origin perhaps, certainly showing that all men are of one kin. A proverb, in fact, should be that touch of nature which will make all feel alike and all accept it.

The following are a few proverbs, some of which combine much shrewd observation with caustic wit, and which are all deserving of being treasured in our memories and taken as a guidance in life.

Life itself is so short and so near to us all that we do not wonder at the sum of wisdom being to the Babylonian, "Eat, drink, and love," or, as some say, "live." It is the old materialist idea, "Enjoy the present hour."

The Syrian has this cut off admirably when he says, "The egg of to-day, and not the hen of to-morrow."

We say, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," calling in alliteration to aid us to remember that promised happiness is uncertain.

"To-morrow never comes, we are told;" but there are others who have turned the good of waiting into words of wisdom as true as they are poetical.

Apropos of eggs, Jerrold has said with sweetest poetry, "Patience wanted a nightingale; Patience waited, and the egg sang."

A parallel piece of poetry is a French proverb, "With time and patience a mulberry leaf becomes satin."

Another writer tells us that "Patience and Faith alone can conquer Time;" and the French have a beautiful line, which the poet Longfellw has thus Englished, "All things come round to him who will but wait." Finally he would rather have the egg than th, hen may consider himself "sat upon'e by the mighty Shakespeare and his weighty pity, "How poor are they that have not patience!" "Wait—that is the lesson of life," says one; but, answers another, "A setting hen never gets fat." "Ay, ay," rejoins the first, "but a 'rolling stone gathers no moss.'" Both thrust and parry, lunge and *riposte* are good: a setting hen does not want to get fat, but she hatches her chickens; and the rolling stone, we may suppose, sees the world.

There are some excellent Syriac proverbs. The Moslem Syrian laughs at the "Jew beggar who neither enjoys this world nor the next;" and, while we say "Hard words break no bones," he puts his view (the same) in more appropriate words—"A thousand curses never tore a shirt." "Speech is of silver, silence is gold," made popular here by Carlyle, is German. but the original is Syriac, and is manifestly Eastern. "I had many friends when my vines gave wine," embodies the common experience that prosperity begets friends and adversity tries them; so we see that what is true in the West is true also in East.

Hand-Shaking.

"Who is he that will strike hands with me?" asks Job. "A man void of understanding strikes hands, and becometh surety in the presence of his friends," saith the wise King of Israel. In this old-world custom of striking hands, hand-shaking, no doubt, originated, for, before it became a mere friendly greeting, a shake of the hand was accepted as a pledge. When Ferdinand and Miranda strike their tender bargain he says, "Here is my hand," and she replies, "And mine with my heart on it." Dunbar, Lord Treasurer of Scotland, congratulating Yelverton upon having made his peace at Court, said to him, "I will desire your friendship, as you do mine, and I will promise to do you my best; whereupon as pledge I give you my hand!" And so, shaking Yelverton by the hand, he bade him farewell. Nowadays a shake of the hand may mean very much, or nothing at all. The strong, hearty grip for grip of two old, long-parted friends, meeting unexpectedly, is one thing; the nerveless, loose, indifferent clasp of aquaintance to another, Sydney Smith attempted to classify handshakes, dividing them into high official, the sepulchral, the digitory, the shakus rusticus, and the retentive. The first was practiced by the then Archbishop of York, "who kept his body erect, carried your hand aloft to a level with his chin, and gave it a rapid, short shake." Sir John Mackintosh affected the sepulchral, "laying his open hand flat on your palm, so coldly you were hardly aware of its contiguity" The digitory—in favor with the high clergy—was adopted by Brougham, who used to put forth his forefinger with, "How are you?" The shakus rusticus was having "your hand seized in an iron grasp, betokening rude health, a warm heart, and distance from the metropolis, but producing a sense of relief when your hand is released with the fingers unbroken."—*All the Year Round.*

AGRICULTURAL.

MANURE FOR GRASS.—No crop gets less attention than grass. If manured at all it is only incidentally with another crop, rarely for itself alone. Corn, wheat and barley get the manure, and when seeded, the young clover takes what is left. After that, if the field be pastured, the droppings of animals left in lumps over the field, are all that the lands get till ploughed again. This is considered improving the soil; and it is. No matter how mismanaged, clover is a benefit, and whatever else, he may do, the farmer who sows and grows clover, is making his farm better. What, then, might not the result be, if the same care were taken of the clover hill as of other crops! It does not need cultivating,—the long, deep reaching roots mellow and pulverize the soil as nothing else can. If the clover grows thriftily, the top acts as a mulch, shading the ground and keeping it moist. A crop of two tons or more of clover, whether ploughed under or cut for hay can hardly fail to leave the soil better than before. We advise him to grow the largest crops of clover. A slight dressing of gypsum—one hundred pounds per acre in early spring—often produces wonderful results. But if a farmer has a little rotted manure, the scrapings of barnyards, fall is the time to apply it. Clover is often injured by freezing and thawing in winter and a very slight covering of manure will afford a great deal of protection. Rich earth from corners of the fences, is well worth drawing a short distance on young clover, provided the ground is hard and firm. If the field is not to be moved next season coarser manure can be used.—*Country Gentleman.*

UNDERGROUND CROPS. — Generally speaking, only that is counted a crop which appears above ground. We do not refer now to root crops, as they are termed, but to grain and forage crops, especially grass and clover. Science has demonstrated, that while healthy clover plants, in good soil, are forming a hundred pounds of stems and leaves, which collectively we term hay, the roots below, cleared from dirt, will weigh fifty-six pounds. Most of this underground growth is obtained from fertilizing material fished up from the subsoil by root fibres. Half as much weight of product as appears on top of the ground, when a hay crop is gathered, may be transmuted into a future grain yield, by being ploughed in, and converted into plant food. Thus regarded clover is a mighty agent in maintaining and increasing the fertility of the soil. A hundred pounds of land plaster to the acre wonderfully increases both the upper and under-growth of clover. It has a double effect in attracting fertilizing gases from the air, and drawing up agricultural salts from the subsoil in water that rises and enters the long roots making them both longer and thicker, at the same time promoting the growth of leaf and stem. The water evaporates from the plant, but the fertilizing salts and gases do not. This is the way to improve barren soils. Poor land may be fed and fattened just the same as a lean pig may be made to take on flesh. Clover and grass may thus be made to work for the intelligent farmer, not only during the day when he is busy and active, but during the night when he is fast asleep.

STOCK PONDS.—Many farmers nving in the prairie districts have suffered greatly for the want of water for their stock the past fall and winter. There is, at this season of the year, ample time for making ponds of sufficient strength and capacity to afford water for all the stock the farmer will have upon his farm hereafter. The work can be done chiefly with the plough and scraper. It is better to make a deep pond at once, so that there may never be any fears of failure of water. There should be provided a safe conduit for the surplus water, so the dam cannot be washed. In making a deep and large pond, several other objects are obtained. It can be stocked with fish, and it is astonishing with what rapidity they propagate and and grow. The rearing of fish is made a profitable business in some parts of this country and in Europe, and farmers, with a little of foresight in making ponds, could always have fish for the table. The pond will also afford lce to fill the ice-house, and no farmer should be without one, for ice is a great luxury in summer, and indispensible to keeping sweet, cool milk and butter. The advantages of good ponds are so many and great that farmers who have not got them should go to work at once and make them. There is hardly a farm in the West that has not ground upon it adapted to making half a dozen good ponds. A few days of hard work and the job is done for a lifetime. We know that all farmers' wives endorse our views on the subject of good ponds. —*Rural World.*

LAND DRAINAGE.—There is scarcely a farm on which drainage is not required, and open weather in winter and spring should be taken advantage of to collect materials for the drains. Tiles are the most uniform and portable material for drainage, yet in many cases other material may be used. In Great Britain and Ireland millions of acres are drained by stone-drains, that is with drains filled to a certain height with small stones, over which green sods are inverted and a perfect covering made to prevent the entrance of sand or earth. The drains are then filled up with the soil that has been thrown up in forming them. On some farms small stones exist in large quantities and their removal from the surface of tillage fields, meadows and pastures is necessary. These may be used with good effect in draining low and marshy places. The drains should be made in the shape of a blunt wedge from four to six inches at the bottom, about fourteen inches wide at top and three feet deep. These should be filled with stones to the height of 10 or 12 inches, the smallest stones being placed on the bottom. A main drain with a good outlet should be constructed before the smaller drains are made.

EXPERIMENTS IN PRUNING.—James Redpath, of Buchanan County, Ia. tried an experiment to determine the time of the year at which wounds made in pruning are covered best and most speedily. A branch one inch in diameter was cut from a tree of Rawle's Janet on the first day of each month in the year, and at the end of five years, when all were healed over, they were opened and found to have decayed the least in those cut in February and March (or just before the swelling of the buds) and most in those cut in June and July, or during the growing season, while the latter had the advantage of being closed one year the earliest. Another similar experiment was tried on the Yellow Bell-flower, and at the end of four years all were healed over; on opening the places where pruned, the same result was found, except a slight difference in favor of February and July. In these experiments the decay from summer pruning was about three times as extensive as from that performed in the winter months. Root pruning for dwarfs always ruined the constitution of the tree.

APPLES FOR COWS.—L. B. Arnold, in the New York *Tribune* writes: "In the fall of 1867 I fed 400 bushels of apples to my cows, giving a peck at a time once a day. I am satisfied now it would have been better to have fed one-half of that quantity in the morning and the other at night; but as it was,a daily record of the increase of milk they occasioned showed a product of 17 ounces of cheese for every bushel of apples fed. Unlike potatoes, fruit is best fed without cooking. In its raw state a small quantity of fruit aids in the digestion of other food, and gives vigor and health to every kind of stock consuming it. It gives a lively and glossy appearance to the coat of horses and cattle, and is an excellent safeguard against the attacks of disease. I have never seen anything so good for a horse with the epizootic, as a daily feed of six quarts of ripe apples."

FRUGALITY in the kitchen, and economy in the out-of-door and field operations, will render farming a paying business. Without economy, a farmer will soon be trotting "over the hill to the poor house."

Were I but free from sin, and the world around me free of it, I would crave no better state and no finer heaven than that into which I was born.

SCIENTIFIC.

Opium Dangers.—It is a curiously suggestive fact that very few of the weekly journals,especially of a literary nature, which go directly into families, can nowadays be examined but that somewhere in their advertising columns are found announcements offering radical cures for the opium habit. We have found these advertisements abundant in fashion magazines; and indeed so widely spread are they, and so persistently are they kept before the public, that a stranger might seriously ask himself whether the mania for the drug be not as strong in this civilized country as in China. Two or three cases, of those who have become addicted to the use of opium through its employment as a medicine during acute illness, have lately been brought to our knowledge; and some further inquiry leads us to believe that the large majority of opium eaters thus acquire their baneful taste. Dr. J. B. Mattison, in an article in the *Medical Record*, strongly advocates this view, and re-inforces his conclusion with a timely caution to physicians regarding the careless prescribing of the drug. It appears that, while alcoholic intoxication is decreasing throughout the United States, opium drunkenness is increasing, and the dealers in crude opium and the manufacturers of its alkaloids assert that the importation of the one and the productions of the other are rising rapidly year by year: so much so regarding morphia, that at one of our largest manufacturing centers the supply is said to be insufficient for the demand.

Dr. Mattison adduces a most interesting array of instances in proof of his views. Cases are mentioned of persons (who previously took opium to gain relief from the pain of sciatica, or neuralgia, or similar acute maladies) becoming confirmed inebriates, utterly unable to disenthral themselves, and swallowing their daily potion not as a means of gratification but as a physical necessity. Legislative enactments prohibiting the refilling of an opiate prescription, or the dispensing of opium in any form, unless in pursuance of a prescription from the attending physician, would, Dr. Mattison considers accomplish an immense amount of good. It would not wholly check the vice, but would greatly mitigate the same. "In carrying out the reform," he adds, "it should be the aim of every practitioner, when called upon to prescribe this most valuable medicine, to see to it that he exercises a discriminating care in so doing, by careful inquiry as to the neurotic status of his patient from the standpoint of hereditary tendency and, if necessity demands a somewhat prolonged administration, to watch most warily and guard most strenuously against the earliest indications of an appetite that, thoroughly established, becomes a scarcely less dread which entails upon its unhappy possessor a darkness so dense, a horror so indescribable, that death, at times, seems preferable."

Use of Aniline Colors.—An account is given in *Dingler's Polytechnic Journal* of the ingenious process by which all aniline colors are now employed in the dyeing of felt, and the means by which the coloring matters can be repeatedly applied when a deepening of the tint is required.

The coloring matter is dissolved in boiling water, the solution allowed to cool filtered, and the filtrate mixed with some water at thirty degrees temperature—the quantity of water to be added depending, of course, on the depth of tint which is desired. The material to be dyed is then placed moist in a basket, the latter suspended in the bath, and the bath heated to sixty degrees: the basket is kept in constant agitation until the hair appears to have absorbed a certain amount of coloring matter, when it is removed for an instant for the sake of introducing fresh coloring matter into the bath, and then replaced, after which the heating to 60 degrees is repeated. When the dyeing is completed, the hair is left to cool, and then well rinsed.

As brown is a color frequently used in the operation described, the fact is mentioned that fine shades of this color are now obtained by using certain bye-products from magenta—known in the trade as cerise, maroon, etc.,—mixed with indigo carmine, picric acid, and a little sulphuric acid. The appearance of the material treated in this manner being, it is said, all that could be desired.

Sun-Spots and Frigidity.—The astronomers have been noting that the sun of late has been remarkably free from spots, and during the period there has been very warm and spring-like weather. About two weeks ago, however, the sun was found quite spotted again, and at the same time the thermometer began to fall. This was the case not only in this country, but in Europe, and the Paris correspondent of the New York Times writes that the weather suddenly changed there to the coldest, rawest and most disagreeable weather of the season. This fact has again given the theory to the effect that there is a relation between the sun spots and the temperature upon this planet. Mr. Lockyer, the English astronomer, reported about the first of January that he found the sun perfectly free from spots and inferred that it might indicate a period of very mild weather. The very same day Father Secci made the same observation in Rome. Neither astronomer asserted that there would be mild weather on earth because the sun was spotless, but both inferred that this might be the case, and such has been the case in fact. The difficulty about the theory is to afford an explanation how the greater heat of the sun, presumably indicated by the absence of the spots, is so quickly transmitted to the atmosphere of the earth.

Gas vs. Oil.—The reluctant yielding of the gas companies through the country to public opinion and the fear of competition has brought out the following comparison of the relative value and cost of gas and kerosene, showing that gas is the dearest of all our luxuries even at the reduced rates:

An ordinary "student's lamp," burning oil, was compared with a bat's-wing burner consuming six feet of gas in an hour. First, the amount of light was compared, by holding a lead pencil at a distance from the two flames and observing the two shadows. By pushing the gas burner farther back than the lamp, a point was at length reached where the shadows were equally dark. The gas was then seven feet from the pencil; the lamp was 5 3 feet. The comparative light of the flames was as the squares of these distances; i. e., as 49 to 28, or 7:4. The lamp burned oil (as was ascertained by weighing it at intervals) at the rate of about one gallon in seventy hours. To get as much light from oil as from the gas burner,one gallon would, of course, last only forty hours. This oil was bought at retail for thirty cents. If gas costs $3 per 1,000 feet, the six-foot burner would consume seventy-two cents' worth in forty hours. If the price of gas were reduced to $2.50 per 1,000 feet, it would still cost twice as much, light for light, as the oil.

Coating for Lamp Shades.—A German chemist has suggested the following composition as a coating for lamp shades, ceilings, etc., as preferable, in respect to beauty, permanence and cheapness, to ordinary oil paint, since it adheres firmly, remains of a brilliant white at high temperatures, contains no organic matter, and by the use of suitable mineral colors, can have any shade imparted to it. Pure zinc white —oxide of zinc—thoroughly pulverized, is added to a solution of silicate of soda of forty to fifty degrees, until the mixture has the consistency of ordinary oil paint. The metallic surface to be coated must be thoroughly cleansed—zinc and some other metals to be treated with hydrochloric acid—then washed with water, and the above compound laid on several times, by means of a brush, until the surface is well covered; only a short time is required between the coatings, for the previous one to dry.

Mineral Wool.—The method of manufacture at the Krupp Works, Essen, Prussia, is as follows: The pig iron furnace is provided with a tap an inch in diameter, out of which a continual stream of slag is allowed to flow and to fall a distance of 2 feet 6 inches, at which point the falling stream of slag is met by a strong blast of cold air, the effect of which is to separate the slag into myriads of hairlike threads, as white as snow, resembling the finest wool. These fibers like spun glass, if handled, will penetrate the skin. The mineral wool is used for packing steam boilers, etc., and is a valuable product.

DOMESTIC.

USE OF SALT IN PACKING MEATS.—The Masachusetts *Ploughman* publishes the following interesting and valuable facts about the uses of salt and the kinds of salt to use in packing meats. The meat-packer does not aim at a mere preservation of his beef and pork—his main object will always be to secure the keeping of his meat in the most palatable condition, and as much as possible of its natural color. Chloride of sodium, or what means here about the same, a good commercial salt,answers both ends satisfactorily, if properly applied. It does not necessarily change the color of the meat, nor does it affect its tenderness beyond reasonable limits. It is also a good antiseptic, for it prevents, if present in a sufficient quantity, the development of organisms of a lower order which in their growth, as a natural consequence, will hasten the disintegration of the meat mass, and thus its final putrefaction.

Practice recommends the use of the coarse and hard qualities of salt for meat packing, for the following reasons: They dissolve gradually, and contract the meat by degrees to a desirable compactness; they keep the salt pickle within a certain moderate concentration; they cannot enter mechanically into the meat, and thus overcharge it, and may therefore be applied in a sufficient excess so as to compensate for the losses of pickle by leakage, etc., without endangering the tenderness and the flavor too prematurely.

Coarse crushed salt answers for a short period of keeping very well, and is consequently used in the packing of meat for immediate family consumption. Fifty to fifty-six pounds of coarse salt are usually taken for the salting down of one barrel of meat; the bottom and top of the barrel are always carefully covered with a layer of coarse salt. The coarse qualities of salt which are used in our country are either manufactured from brines or from sea water. The purer the salt the nicer is the flavor of the meat. A salt which contains large quantities of foreign saline admixtures, particularly of chloride of calcium and of chloride of magnesium imparts a pungent and disagreeable taste, and injures also the color of the meat.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Take the meat from a pair of boiled chickens. Chicken, as well as celery, should be cut as large as a cranberry. Have equal quantities of chopped chicken and celery—if anything, more of the celery. Take a level tablespoonful of dry mustard and rub it very smooth with the yolk, of four hard-boiled eggs, and the yolks of two raw eggs. Then pour on very slowly, stirring all the time, one-third of a large bottle of salad oil, alternating with the juice of one large lemon, or two smaller ones; then add a large tablespoonful of salt and two or three tablespoonfuls of rich cream. Just before serving, mix the chicken well through this dressing; then add the celery. You may garnish the top with the tender leaves of the celery, very thin slices of lemon, a few capers here and there, and half a dozen stoned olives. Some add half a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper to the dressing, while others object to it.

A TEASPOONFUL, A WINE GLASS FULL, AND A CUP FULL.—The *Scientific American* says that when a teaspoonful of any medicine is prescribed by a physician it should be borne in mind that the quantity meant is equal in volume to 45 drops of pure water at 60 degress Fah. It is a good plan to measure off this amount in water in a small wine glass, and mark on the latter the exact height of the fluid. This will give an accurate and convenient standard for future use. Teaspoons vary so much in size that there is a wide margin of difference in their capacity. It is well to remember also that four teaspoonful equal one table spoonful or half a fluid ounce. A wine glass full means four tablespoonfuls, or two fluid ounces; and a tea cup full, as directed by cookery books, indicates four fluid ounces, or one gill.

SPIRITS OF AMMONIA.—A farmer's wife in the *Country Gentleman* says she got a green spot on her carpet, which she could not remove until she tried ammonia, a teaspoonful in a tea cup of hot water. The spot was wet with it thoroughly and gently rubbed with a cloth till it was gone. She finds it a nice thing to clean silver with, also looking glasses and windows.

A few drops of ammonia in warm water will clean coat collars, hats, etc. One part of ammonia to two of olive oil makes an excellent external application for sore throat. Applied to the nostrils it restores from fainting. If used immediately, it is the best antidote to prussic acid. It is itself a poison in large doses. The readiest remedy is vinegar. Ammonia exists in the atmosphere in the form of a carbonate.

ABOUT BUTTER.—It takes no longer to set a table neatly than it does to set it carelessly. Now in regard to butter. We have it upon our table three times a day, therefore I think it is important that it should look inviting, not as we so frequently see it, in both large and small broken pieces, surrounded by numberless crumbs, as is the case when taken hurriedly out of the jar or tub. When we purchase butter, the better plan is to take out of the jar, tub or firkin, five or ten pounds and work it over in a wooden bowl into small rolls. Then you will always have a neat looking plate of butter to set upon your table; a smooth, round slice, instead of a "jumbled mass," as my mother called an unsightly butter plate.

GOOD SOUP FOR COLD WEATHER.—Have an earthen pipkin, with a close-fitting lid; put into it any pieces of cold meats, roast beef bones, the remains of any kind of game or poultry, (which may be easily saved in winter time for a few days); then add enough water to cover it, a few vegetables cut fine, a little barley, a blade or two of mace, and pepper and salt. This soup will be found delicious; and in this nothing is wasted, as it can be renewed from day to day. By having this pot-au feu many a cold and hungry child may be comforted.

TO PREVENT flat irons from rusting, melt ¼ oz. camphor and ½ lb. fresh hog's lard over a slow fire, take off the scum, and mix as much black lead with the composition as will bring it to the color of iron. Spread this over the articles for which it is intended. Let it lie for 24 hours, and then rub it well with a dry linen cloth. Or smear the irons over with melted suet, and dust thereon some pounded unslacked lime from a muslin bag. Cover the irons with baize in a dry place when not in use.

BRANDY SNAPS.—Take one pound of flour, half a pound of coarse brown sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, one desert-spoonful of allspice; two of ground ginger, the grated peel of half, and the juice of a whole lemon; mix all together, adding half a pound of treacle; beat it well, butter some sheet tins, and spread the paste thinly over them, bake in rather a slow oven. When done cut it into squares, and roll each square round the finger as it is raised from the tin.

PICKLED MUTTON HAMS.—Three gallons soft water, one pound of coarse sugar, two ounces saltpeter, three pounds of common salt. Boil and remove the scum, and when cold pour over the meat. In two or three weeks the ham will be excellent for baking or boiling. It may be smoked if preferred.

DUTCH PANCAKES.—One egg, one large spoonful sugar,one cup milk, two tablespoonfuls melted butter, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one-half teaspoonful soda, a little salt, and flour enough to make thick, bake one-half hour; slice and eat warm with butter.

BEEF STEW.—Six pounds of the flank of beef, cut in small pieces; boil in two quarts of water until tender. Then put in a dozen potatoes, a dozen onions, and four turnips; cover it so that the steam shall not escape; pepper and salt to the taste.

FRIED CAKES.—One pint of buttermilk or sour milk, one teacup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of lard, or pork-drippings, which are better, one egg, a little salt, one tablespoonful of saleratus. Very good plain cakes.

CHEAP PUDDING.—Mix well in a pan or dish half a pound of well soaked rice, four ounces of sugar, two quarts of milk, two ounces of clean drippping and a quarter of a pound of currants. Bake it with the bread.

HUMOROUS.

THE FRENCHMAN'S WATCH.—A short time ago, Mr. Shaw, time-keeper of the Consolidated Virginia Mine, found a watch lying in the snow, where it had evidently been dropped by some one working in or about the mine. Mr Shaw wrote a notice to the following effect, posting it by the side of the window to which the men come to give in their names when going on or coming off their shifts:

"FOUND.—A valuable watch, which the owner can have by calling at this office and describing the same."

Several men called and described what was, according to their ideas, a "valuable watch," nearly all making it gold, with a fine chain of the same metal. Some set a number of beautiful pieces of gold quartz into the links of the chain. But it was "no go;" not a man came anywhere near describing the watch.

At last a little Frenchman came to the window and said: "You find one vatch, Mistair Shaw?"

"Yes sir," said Shaw. "Have you lost a watch?"

"Yes, sare, me have lose me one vatch."

"Can you describe it?"

"Oh, yes, sare, me can describe him ver' perfec'ly."

"Well, what was it like?"

"My vatch he vas a silver vatch."

"Very good. What kind of cases?"

"Vell, he have he's face wide open."

"What kind of chain?"

"One leetle brass shain."

"What kind of key was on the chain?"

"Vell, no key be on ze shain. He have no key at all, I wind him by ze tail."

The watch was a stem-winder, and the Frenchman had given a perfect description of it, even down to "zee tail."

AN EXCHANGE says that Conductor McGleary, of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railroad, in taking up tickets after his train left Des Moines, a few days ago, was somewhat surprised when a lady handed him a paper on which his eye distinguished the words: "Take one cup of sugar, three eggs, and two pounds of flour; stir up well, add a little saleratus, and bake for twenty minutes in a hot oven." "Do you expect to pass on this?" asked McGleary. "Certainly, sir, said the lady in a surprised manner. But when she glanced her eye on the paper she smiled and explained, while McGleary took up her regular ticket and willingly handed back her receipt for making "Boston cookies."

IT IS told of a map agent that on a recent trip he was attacked by highway robbers, who demanded his money. As he was too prudent to carry money in the country, they failed to make a haul out of their victim. "But," said the agent, "I have some splendid maps of the country along with me, which I should like to show you;" and in a twinkling he was off his horse, had a map stuck upon a pole, and explained it so effectually that he sold each of the bandits a map, pocketed the money, and resumed his journey.

THE two Sheridans were supping together one night after the Opera, at a period when Tom expected to get into Parliament. "I think, father," said he, "that many men who are called great patriots in the House of Commons are great humbugs. For my own part, if I get into Parliament, I will pledge myself to no party, but write upon my forehead, in legible characters, "To be let." And under that, Tom," suggested his father, "write 'Unfurnished.'"

"FISH are caught by measure and sold by weight—that is, they are caught by the gill and sold by the pound. But they are sometimes caught by wait—wait till you get a bite."

Frequently they are caught by weight, as when they are caught by the pound, and they furnish their own means to weigh themselves when they are weighed in their own scales. Honest fishermen too often steal when they hook the fish.—*Bucyrus Journal.*

FOR a straightforward plea to the question of "guilty, or not guilty?" commend us to that Missouri chap on trial for murder: "If your Honor please, I am guilty. I killed the man because he took my gal from me. She was about the only thing I had; an' I didn't want to live after she went, an' I didn't want him to live neither. An' I should be much obliged to your Honor if you would hang me as soon as possible."

HE HAD made a hearty meal at a restraurant, and, rising up, he said to the cashier: "I declare, if I haven't forgotten my wallet." The cashier fired up, and hurled big words at him for full three minutes before pausing for breath. When a chance came the stranger continued:—"But I have fifty dollars here in my vest pocket." The cashier couldn't smile to save him.

SOME TIME since a man in Maine wanted to exhibit an Egyptian mummy, and went to the court-house for a license. "What is it?" asked the judge. "An Egyptian mummy, may it please the Court, more than three thousand years old," said the showman. "Three thousand years old?" exclaimed the judge, jumping to his feet, "and is the critter alive?"

ON a cold, dark winter night, when a young married man is takling in the clothes, with frozen fingers and a mouth full of clothes-pins, nothing gives him a greater feeling of despair than to hear his wife open the back window and say, "Joseph, you may bring yours in, but I guess you can hang mine back."

IT IS related of Sidney Smith that once, on entering a drawing-room in a West End mansion, he found it lined with mirrors on all sides. Finding himself reflected in every direction, he said that he "supposed he was at a meeting of the clergy, and there seemed to be a very respectable attendance."

THE year 1776 is noted for the number of inferior people with long lives who were born in it. The year 1876 will, of course, undertake to set a better example. A people who are distinguished for nothing but old age might as well be born vegetables.—*Courier Journal.*

IT WAS a diplomatic hu-band who protested to his wife: "My dear, if it doesn't make any difference to you, don't say 'brute' and 'dolt!' Use terms milder, if not less incisive. If I must have curtain lectures, let them at least be damask curtain ones."

"WILL you have it rare or well done?" said an Englishman to an Irishman, as he was cutting a slice of roast beef. "I love it well done iver since I am in this country," replied Pat, "for it was rare enough we used to ate it in Ireland."

A PHILOSOPHER.—Some robber having broken into a gentleman's house, went to the bed of the servant and told him if he moved he was a dead man. "That's a falsehood," said he, "for if I move I'm sure that I'm alive."

"IT WAS Ben. Franklin who introduced broom corn culture into this country." But thousands of suffering husbands would prefer to see the man who introduced broom handles.—*Norristown Herald.*

"CAN I see a lawyer?" inquired a woman who had just been sent up for thirty days. "There are four or five where you are going," replied his